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APRIL 19, 1890

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



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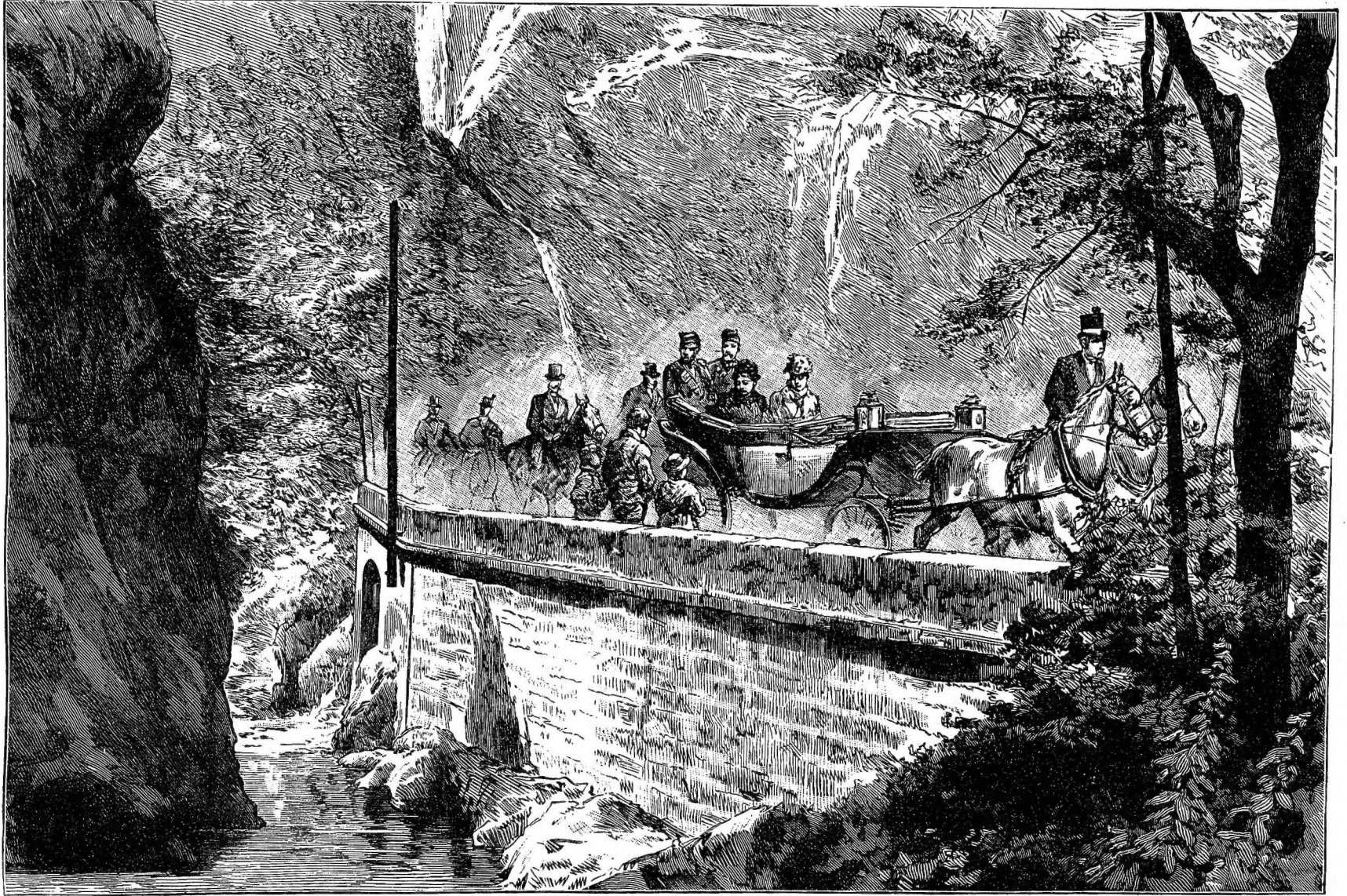
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

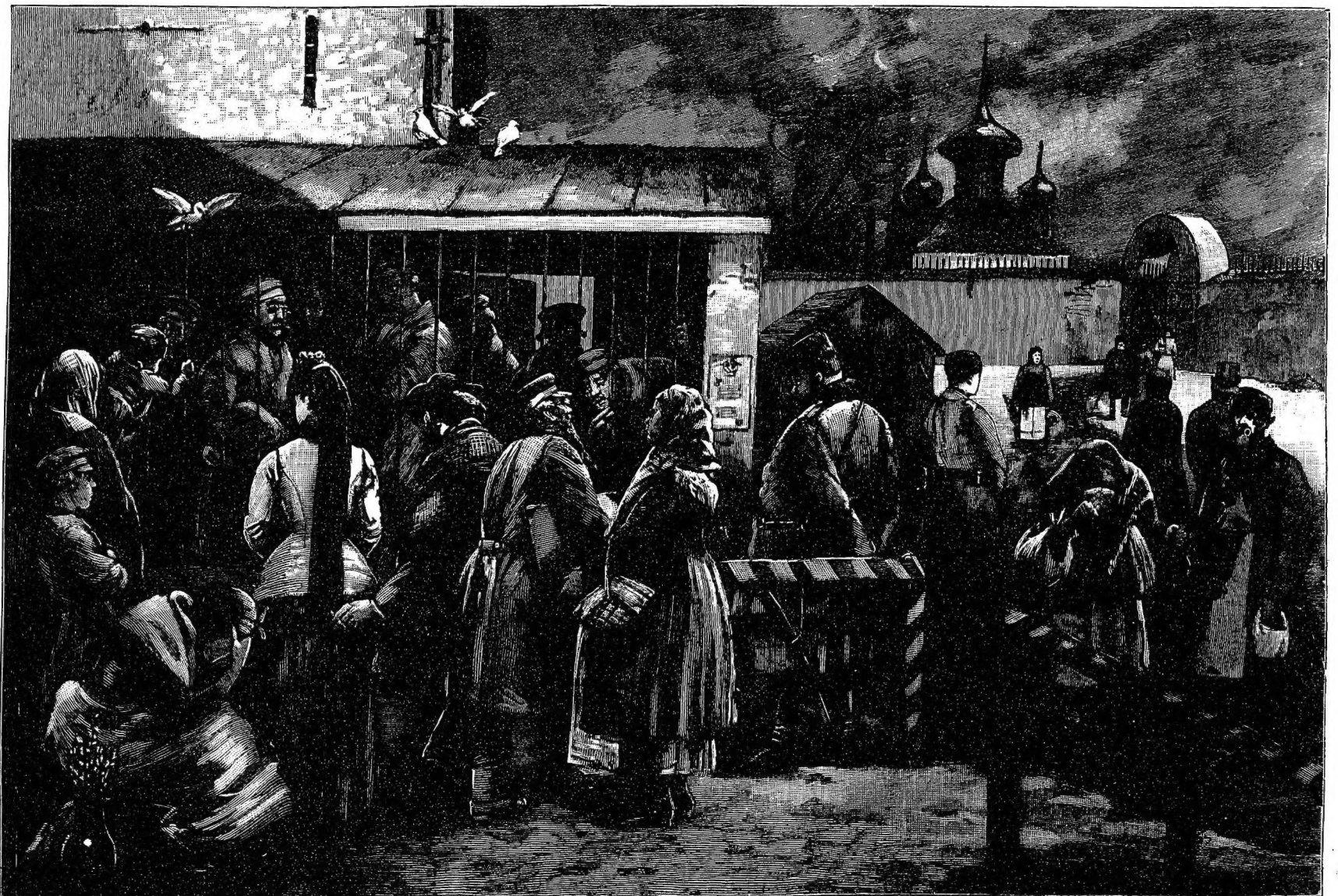
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [ PRICE NINEPENCE  
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THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO AIX-LES-BAINS—A SKETCH IN THE GORGE LEADING UP TO THE MONASTERY OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE



RUSSIA'S TREATMENT OF HER PRISONERS—AN EASTER VISIT TO A RUSSIAN PRISON, MOSCOW  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR RUSSIAN SPECIAL ARTIST





**MR. PARNELL AND IRISH LAND PURCHASE.**—On Monday, when the debate on the second reading of the Irish Land Purchase Bill begins, Mr. Parnell will move that the measure shall be read that day six months. There can be no doubt that from the point of view of the Government this is a serious misfortune. If the Irish leader had accepted the principle of the Bill, many thousands of tenants would have been glad to take advantage of its provisions. Now that he has declared against it, a very large number of them will feel that it would be unpatriotic, and opposed to their interests, to buy their holdings on the terms proposed by Mr. Balfour. Even the most charitable of politicians must find some difficulty in believing in the honesty of the course which Mr. Parnell has decided to take. It is understood that he will resist the Bill in the interests of the British taxpayer. Who can suppose that he cares whether the British taxpayer loses money or not? What he really fears is that if the measure is successful it will deprive him of the most powerful of the forces he has used for the attainment of Home Rule. It will be no easy task for Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and the other leaders of the Opposition to support their Irish colleagues, for Liberals as well as Conservatives have for a long time been pledged to the general principle of Mr. Balfour's scheme. The difficulty, however, will be overcome, and we shall once more have before us the edifying spectacle of English statesmen explaining away the plain meaning of their own words. That the Bill, notwithstanding the resistance of the Home Rulers, will become law, is certain; and we may confidently hope that it will bring us some stages nearer to the solution of the Irish problem. But the effect it will produce will be slight in comparison with the good that might have been done if all parties had approached the consideration of the question in a really disinterested spirit.

**"SPHERES OF INFLUENCE" IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.**—We are now reaping the fruits of the feeble policy which induced Mr. Gladstone's Government to abandon the Soudan to the Mahdi and his fanatical followers. Other nations saw their opportunity, and stepped in. The Portuguese resuscitated the mythical claims which for centuries they had exercised over vast stretches of territory. Recently the exploits of Major Serpa Pinto brought matters to a crisis. The firm attitude displayed by Lord Salisbury, aided by the inherent justice of his contention, induced the Portuguese Government to discountenance—at all events, officially—the high-handed proceedings of the gallant Major. But the action of the British Government produced an extraordinary agitation among the people of Portugal. No doubt, this agitation was in some measure fomented by Republican malcontents; but it was also greatly due to a feeling of self-reproachful bitterness that, owing to her somnolency in times past, Portugal had failed to maintain the position which she deserved to hold as the earliest European Power in Equatorial Africa. Nor are our troubles with Portugal yet over. Portuguese agents in Africa are evidently far more "patriotic" than the Home Government dares to be, and it seems quite possible that an attack by a tribe, who have been deliberately, though wrongly, described as under British control, may be used as a pretext for reviving Major Serpa Pinto's designs. Let us next turn to the Germans, who, though new comers in the Dark Continent—for ten years ago they were as a nation unknown there—are far more formidable rivals than the Portuguese. They have now large possessions on the South-West Coast in Damara Land, and on the West Coast in the Cameroons District; but their main exploit has been on the East Coast, where they have virtually absorbed a large slice of territory which formerly appertained to the Sultan of Zanzibar. As regards the new Wissmann and Emin Expedition, it may be officially correct to state, as Sir James Fergusson stated, that "it is designed entirely to operate within the German sphere." But the question then arises, "What are the limits of the German sphere?" Competent observers maintain that German ambition, starting from Zanzibar, aims in a southerly, rather than in a northerly, direction, and that it is in the region of the great lakes that future trouble may arise, unless the respective areas of British and German influence are at once distinctly defined. At this juncture of affairs the death at Uganda of that loyal and energetic missionary, Alexander Mackay, is a severe national loss.

**WELSH SUNDAY CLOSING.**—Like the Report of the Parnell Commission, that of the Welsh Sunday Closing Commission gives both satisfaction and dissatisfaction to the two sets of disputants. It shows that, in some cases, this method of promoting sobriety has succeeded, but it equally proves that in quite as many instances drunkenness has become more rife than ever. The public are thus left in entire doubt as to whether the shutting-up of public-houses on Sundays does more good than harm. In purely rural districts, to which the thirsty one cannot penetrate in the character of "the *bona fide* traveller," the people seem to take kindly enough to dispensing with their Sabbatarian

potations. Perhaps they were never much given that way; the Welsh farm-hand is, as a rule, a thrifty soul and a pious, so that he may be glad to be put out of the reach of costly and sinful temptation. But the urban Welshman appears to be built on entirely different lines, more particularly when he has any connection with mining. Drink he will, in spite of fifty Acts of Parliament, and if he cannot manage it in other ways, he will start a drinking club, or patronise an unlicensed grog-shop on the sly. The evidence taken by the Commission proved that systematic evasion of the Act is of such common occurrence as to pass without remark. Shebeen houses, drinking clubs, and travellers' rests have grown up as if by magic right under the noses of the authorities. This, at all events, is not a pleasant product of legislation. Sunday drinking is an evil practice, no doubt, but even that would be preferable to the wholesale demoralisation of a people by teaching them to laugh at the law and to prevent its operation by organised deception. On the whole, Sunday closing has not answered so well in Wales as to justify its introduction on the English side of the border.

**EXPULSED JOURNALISTS.**—A good deal of excitement has been created on the Continent by the expulsion of a French and German newspaper correspondent from Italy. It must be admitted that the expelled journalists had been acting very indiscreetly. There is no evidence, indeed, that they deliberately sent false news to their journals, or that they had any wish to injure the country in which they resided; but, as a matter of fact, they gave very exaggerated accounts of the financial crisis in Italy, and thus did everything in their power to damage Italian credit, and to increase the difficulty of realising Italian securities. Nevertheless, Signor Crispi has been guilty of a serious blunder in putting the law in force against the offenders. He has aroused much ill-feeling in France, and—what is perhaps still more important—he has excited in the minds of many of his countrymen a suspicion that the correspondents were perhaps nearer the mark than he cares to acknowledge. The freedom of the Press has its disadvantages, no doubt; but, as the experience of England has amply shown, it is infinitely better in the end than an irritating system of restriction. In reality, Signor Crispi has himself to blame for the misunderstandings of the journalists whom he has so sternly punished. Instead of helping writers for the newspapers to obtain accurate information as to public affairs, he throws all sorts of obstacles in their way, so that it is almost inevitable that they should from time to time make mistakes. If journalists had the means of arriving at trustworthy conclusions, Italy could not but profit by learning the exact truth regarding her own political and financial condition. At the worst, the knowledge of the actual facts could put her only to temporary inconvenience.

**TWO HALF-HOLIDAY BILLS.**—On Monday last, thanks to the pestilent activity of three or four self-constituted watch-dogs of the public interest, the House of Commons spent eight hours in making very meagre progress with Supply. If the House desires to retain (it would be more correct to say, to regain) the respect of the country, it should refuse to countenance such waste of precious time. Then it might find time to discuss, as fully as the importance of the subject demands the Bills respectively brought forward by Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Blundell Maple for lessening the hours of labour performed by shop-assistants, who are one of the most overworked and most helpless classes in the community. It is a pity that there should be two rival Bills, based on divergent principles, but either is better than none, and we are content to accept that which our legislators may deem the most practical and feasible. Sir John Lubbock's Bill provides that, when two-thirds of the shopkeepers wish it, the local authority may enact a weekly half-holiday. Mr. Maple's Bill requires every shopkeeper to grant a half-holiday (not necessarily beginning before 4 P.M.) in every week to each of his assistants. Each proposal has its advantages and defects. Mr. Maple's Bill would necessitate no general shop-closure, but its benefits would be chiefly felt in the case of large concerns, where, in many instances, the custom of giving half a day off to each *employé* in rotation already obtains, supposing that the Saturday half-holiday is found to be impracticable. The small shopkeepers would often find the absence of one of their few hands very inconvenient, and pressure, which the *employés* might be afraid to resist, would sometimes be applied to induce them to forego their legal rights. The difficulty about Sir John Lubbock's Bill is one which we have often pointed out. Shopkeepers do not mind a universal closure, but they cannot endure the idea that some rival is doing a brisk trade while their shutters are up. Now, as the tobacconists, the publicans, and the refreshment-shops generally will, we presume, be exempted from the edict, are they to be prevented from selling the kind of goods sold by their closed neighbours? Let us cite an example. Nearly every tobacconist nowadays deals in walking-sticks. Will he not then on the statutory half-holiday gain an advantage over the regular stick and umbrella shop, which will be closed by authority?

**SEA FISHERIES.**—"Fish is growing dearer every year," says the economical housekeeper with a sigh, and she speaks truly. Yet the report of the Sea Fisheries of the United Kingdom shows that, taking one sort and another, there is

little diminution of the home supply. To attempt to account for this anomaly would revive the old "Billingsgate ring" controversy, and we will therefore leave it to individual judgments to form a conclusion as to the reason why. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature in the report is the continued shrinkage of the supply of "prime fish," and the rapid appreciation of its value. Turbot, that most excellent benefactor of mankind, seems to be withdrawing the light of its countenance from the Briton; while soles, although the supply has become nearly stationary in amount, fetch higher and higher prices. Even the humble sprat, that rich quintessence of mud and oil, has nearly doubled in value, owing to a smaller quantity having come to market. But herrings and mackerel are still plentiful; and, even if the whitebait served at restaurants sometimes wears a dubious and Brobdingnagian look, the Report does not presage any immediate deprivation of that delicacy. We should not, however, grumble because the sea does not yield quite so large a harvest as in former years. It is still a most liberal benefactor of the United Kingdom, having yielded last year a piscine crop which fetched some six millions sterling at shore prices. All we had to do was to reap where we had not sown, and eat what did not cost us a single farthing for the raising. There is no other British crop of which that can be said. The pity is that we have not yet learned to make the best of this splendid annual gift of good food by the sea: too much of it still goes bad *en route* to market.

**FINLAND AND THE CZAR.**—It is difficult to make out how far the Russian Government proposes to go in the attempt to crush the spirit of nationality in Finland. There is no reason to suppose that the Finnish Parliament will be abolished; but a resolute effort is evidently about to be made to restrict local liberties within the narrowest possible limits. The Czar ought to know his own business best, but to most onlookers it seems that he is acting very imprudently in interfering with a system which has hitherto worked remarkably well. Finland was connected with Sweden for about six centuries, and it might naturally have been supposed that the transfer of the country to Russia would lead to serious trouble. The Finns, however, and even the Swedes settled in Finland, have been loyal subjects of the Russian Emperor; and it is doubtful whether at the present moment any considerable number of them, if they had the chance, would prefer Swedish to Russian supremacy. The reason of their contentment is that their local rights and customs have been scrupulously respected. Yet now, when there is no apparent need for change, the Czar has decided to adopt a new scheme of government; and it is said that he proposes to act as some of his predecessors acted in Poland—that is, to play off the peasantry against the nobles and the burghers. As he is pursuing a similar course in the Baltic provinces, his intention appears to be to introduce, as nearly as possible, a uniform system in all parts of the Empire. Upwards of a hundred years ago Joseph II. tried to do much the same thing in the dominions subject to the House of Hapsburg; and it might be worth the Czar's while to study the results of that Emperor's highly philosophical but most unsuccessful policy.

**FACTORY SMOKE.**—In a letter which appears on this subject in Monday's *Times* Mr. Alfred Fletcher remarks that "factory," as distinguished from "house" smoke, "has been put down in London by the vigorous action of the Metropolitan Police since the passing of Lord Palmerston's Smoke Act." We can scarcely accept this statement as literally correct. During the summer months, when there are few household fires alight except for cooking purposes, the London atmosphere is comparatively free from smoke; indeed, we have heard visitors from Lancashire towns speak rapturously of its transparency. But we suspect that this absence of perpetual murkiness is due, not so much to official energy, as to the simple fact that London, in proportion to its vast area, is not a manufacturing centre, at any rate as the word is understood in the busy North. Unless one has visited these manufacturing towns, it is difficult to realise the funeral pall which almost perpetually shrouds them. Nor are the biggest towns the worst. We have passed through Trentham on a summer's day of brilliant sunshine. In a few minutes the train reached Stoke-upon-Trent, where the sky was as black as if a thunderstorm were impending. At Stoke the potteries are not the culprits, but the works for smelting iron ore. Wigan, again, may be cited as an example of a very black sinner; with the result that every one who can afford it goes out of the town as soon as business is over. To return to Mr. Fletcher's letter. He tells us that a meeting has been recently held in Manchester, whereat an influential committee was appointed for the purpose of authoritatively ascertaining the practical value of smoke-consuming appliances. It is alleged that the people who cause the smoke-nuisance are not necessarily apathetic or prejudiced. But they are afraid to make alterations involving considerable outlay, which may after all prove inefficient, or injurious to their business. It is really their interest, moreover, to consume thoroughly all the coal which is now worse than wasted in darkening the air. Let us hope that the committee will achieve something practical. This excessive smokiness is a national disgrace, and a deadly foe to that love of Art which Mr. Ruskin desires to inculcate by means of his Sheffield Museum. Nor is smokiness a necessary concomitant of successful manufacturing enterprise.



Visit Liège in Belgium. No one would guess from the brightness of the town that it was the centre of so many industrial activities.

**BANKS AND BACHELORS.**—Another Irish grievance has unhappily come to the front. Fortunately it is of native origin, unless, indeed, it be proved that the Provincial Bank of Ireland has passed under Saxon control. It is this peccant institution which has stirred Hibernian ire by enacting that none of its clerks with smaller salaries than 150*l.* per annum shall take unto themselves helpmates. Here is a pretty slur on the Irish Benedick—for all the world as if the expenses of a dual establishment would be sure to tempt him to rob the till. It may perhaps assuage the wrath of the insulted Celt to learn that precisely the same regulation has been in force at several London banks for many years. Nor is there any hardship in it, or there would not be a score of well-qualified candidates for every vacancy. This restriction on matrimonial freedom had its origin, not in any doubt of a married clerk's honesty, but in a feeling that the credit of a bank would be lowered by its *employés* running into debt with their tradespeople. And a married clerk with less than 150*l.* per annum would necessarily have to do that when his quiver became unduly full. It is really a charity to debar young men from plunging into matrimony without reckoning the cost—a charity both to them and to their lovely captivators. Nor would it be altogether a bad thing were the system extended to the junior grades of the Army, Navy, and Civil Service. In that case, feminine aspirants to matrimonial honours would cease to throw out lures to these "detrimentals," very much to their parents' contentment, while the celibates might flirt to the most outrageous extent—if they could find any one to flirt with—without risk of ulterior consequences. We should not feel surprised, indeed, if some of the clerks of the Provincial Bank of Ireland secretly bless the directors for providing them with such an unanswerable excuse for not popping the question.

**NEW EDUCATIONAL IDEAS IN FRANCE.**—An influential association has been formed in Paris for the purpose of securing the reform of the French system of secondary education. The members object strongly to the hard-and-fast rule by which all who attend the higher educational institutions in France are compelled to devote most of their time to classical study. In agitating for the modification of this part of the French educational system, the society will have the cordial sympathy of a great many people in England. No one disputes that for a certain class of minds classical study is an admirable instrument for the awakening and development of intellectual life; but those who contend that the end can be attained in no other way forget that there are boys and girls who have little natural aptitude for the appreciation of literature. Surely it is obvious that, in such cases as these, it is a mere waste of time to make the laborious study of Latin and Greek authors compulsory. A boy who can find nothing to interest him in Virgil or Homer may be keenly interested in botany or zoology; and, if schools were organised in accordance with the principles of common sense, he would be allowed to devote himself chiefly to the subjects which appeal to him strongly, and which are likely to give him a training that will be useful to him in later life. What the new French society proposes is that, up to a certain stage, all pupils shall receive instruction in their mother-tongue and in two other modern languages, and in such general subjects as history, geography, and arithmetic. They would then be allowed to choose special branches of study; and some would naturally select a course in classics, while others would as naturally prefer science. Thus minds of all kinds would have a chance of being cultivated in the way best adapted to their powers, while all would obtain at least the elementary knowledge which should be possessed by every well-educated man. The scheme is one worth fighting for, and there can be little doubt that it will soon attract in France the attention it deserves.

**COMPULSORY NOTIFICATION OF DISEASES.**—The mal-voilent fairy did not attend at Mr. Ritchie's birth, it is clear. Considering that he had not long held Ministerial rank, his authorship and clever pilotage of the Local Government Act were remarkable achievements. But there were some who predicted that his later essay in legislation—the Act for the Compulsory Notification of Diseases—would greatly cloud the prestige he had acquired. Had not the private practitioner declared war against it, by reason of its placing him in an invidious position, and were not certain trades prepared to raise the grand old flag of the inviolability of the British home? Happily, common sense has triumphed for once in a way, and Mr. Ritchie scores another victory. Not only has the Act worked with perfect smoothness in London, where its adoption was made compulsory, but nearly all the great cities in the provinces have besought to have it extended to them, as the greatest of boons. Nor can there be much doubt that Leeds, Brighton, and the other few malcontents will, before long, recognise the advantage of introducing such simple, inexpensive, and effectual instrumentality to check the spread of infectious diseases. Now that the system is in operation, the only wonder is that a shrewd sensible nation so long allowed free trade in infection to continue. The

idea was, no doubt, that Mrs. Grundy would busy herself with other people's concerns even more than she usually does, if the sanctity of the home and its secrets were once violated. Fortunately, the event has allayed this mis-giving; during the six months of the Act's operation in London, not a single indignant householder has made complaint through the Press of his Lares and Penates being desecrated. We may hope, therefore, that compulsory notification will now be enforced in all sanitary districts throughout the kingdom.

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OF

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**EPSOM SPRING MEETING.**—The LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY COMPANY announce that they have arranged to run Special Express Trains from London (Victoria, Kensington, and London Bridge Stations) direct to their Race Course Station on the Downs, near the Grand Stand, and also give notice that their West End Offices, 48, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on Monday and Tuesday, April 21st and 22nd, for the sale of tickets to the Epsom Downs Race Course Station, available by these Special Trains from any of the above-named London Stations.

**LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.—MATINÉE of THE DEAD HEART THIS (SATURDAY) MORNING and Saturday Morning next, April 26th, at two o'clock.** Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton, Miss Phillips, and Miss Ellen Terry.  
**THE BELLS, THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, and Saturday Evening, April 26, at 8.30.** Preceded at 8 by THE KING AND THE MILLER. Mathias (his original part), Mr. Henry Irving. Matinee LOUIS XI., Saturday, May 3. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.** NOW ILLUMINED THROUGHOUT WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT GREAT AND UNMISTAKABLE SUCCESS  
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**TWO ENORMOUS AUDIENCES, WHICH LITERALLY CROWDED THE GREAT ST. JAMES'S HALL** in every available nook, from the Area to the topmost Gallery.  
**ALL THE NEW SONGS AND NEW SKETCHES,** Pre-eminently successful, will be repeated, until further notice, EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.  
**DAY PERFORMANCES.** EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE. Fauteuils, 5*s.*; Sofa Stalls, 3*s.*; Area, 2*s.*; Gallery, 1*s.* Doors open for the Day Performances at 2.30.  
For the Evening ditto at 7.  
Tickets for all parts of the Hall can be had at Tree's Office, St. James's Hall (without extra charge for booking), one month ahead.

**PLEASURE CRUISES to THE LAND of THE MIDNIGHT Sun.** The Orient Company's Steamships "GARONNE" (3,876 tons), and "CHIMBORAZO" (3,847 tons), will make a series of trips to Norway during the season, visiting the finest fjords. The dates of departure from London will be as follows, and from Leith two days later.

|                        |                        |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| June 14th for 15 days. | July 15th for 15 days. |
| June 18th for 27 days. | July 19th for 27 days. |
| June 25th for 15 days. | Aug. 8th for 27 days.  |

The steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," i.e., inside the Fringe of Islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water; those of the 18th June and 19th July will proceed to the North Cape, where the Sun may be seen above the horizon at midnight. The "Garonne" and "Chimborazo" are fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.  
Managers, F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm.

**EPSOM RACES, April 22nd and 23rd.**—The only route to the Races, is by the BRIGHTON RAILWAY from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, New Cross, &c. SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS will run direct to Epsom and Epsom Downs from London Bridge and Victoria (calling at Clapham Junction) from 11.35 a.m. to 1.20 p.m. Returning from Epsom Downs from 4.0 to 5.45 p.m., and from Epsom Town Station from 4.30 to 6.0 p.m.  
Fares to Epsom Town, Single, 4*s.*; Return, 7*s.* 6*d.*; and to Epsom Downs, Single, 4*s.* 6*d.*; Return, 8*s.*  
CHEAP TRAINS at Ordinary 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Fares, run to Epsom at frequent intervals up to 11.20 a.m.  
The Special Express Tickets may be obtained on and from Saturday, April 19th, at the above Railway Stations; also at the West End Booking and Enquiry Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, and these two Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on Monday and Tuesday, April 21st and 22nd. (By Order) A. SARRIE, Secretary and General Manager.

**NOTICE.**—With this number is issued as an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, a PORTRAIT of the RIGHT HON. GEORGE J. GOSCHEN, drawn from life by Lance Kalkin.



### THE QUEEN DRIVING AT AIX-LES-BAINS

AFTER an agreeable sojourn of some six weeks, Her Majesty will next week quit Aix-les-Bains for Darmstadt. While at Aix she, with the Princess Beatrice, is staying at the Maison Mottet, which is now, in honour of the Queen, rechristened the Villa Victoria. The ancient Romans had a wonderfully keen scent for medicinal springs. Within the wide area of their conquests, there is scarcely a watering-place of present celebrity which they had not already discovered. Aix-les-Bains was known to them as Aquæ Gratiæ, and they thoroughly appreciated its warm sulphur springs, both for drinking and for bathing purposes. A triumphal arch and a good many other remains of Roman buildings are still in existence there. Besides undergoing the "cure" with more or less strictness, the Queen drives out a great deal during her stay at Aix. Sometimes she confines her excursions to a jaunt in her donkey carriage in the gardens surrounding the Villa Victoria; sometimes she goes long distances, as, for example, to Tresserve, where she possesses an estate. Tresserve is situated on the banks of Lake Bourget, and consists of a beautiful wooded hill with shady walks and fine views.

### EASTER VISITS IN RUSSIAN PRISONS

A ROUGH sketch of prison-life in Russia would have to deal with the two classes of prisoners principally known to the law of that country.

Political offenders we all know are treated with pitiless severity, nay cruelty, sometimes carried to the extremes of human conception.

There is at present an outcry in Western Europe against this sort of thing, owing to some specified features of the ordinary mercenary system having recently come to light. As a rule, it may be said, very little is known about the fate of political offenders after their disappearance behind the prison-door; the greater scope is thus left to the lugubrious fancies so freely indulged in by the Russian community. Capital punishment is reserved mostly for this class of prisoners.

On the other hand the treatment of *non-political* prisoners is very different. The sentences are very often mild for very gross offences, many indulgences are freely granted, often contrary to prison-rule, and, apart from the unavoidable hardships of a tramp to Siberia, the suffering of the convict is seldom needlessly augmented by the official. On certain specified holidays in the year, notably during Easter Week, the public is admitted inside the prison-yards, and may then converse freely with relatives or friends, who happen to be behind the iron bars of a structure greatly resembling the bear-pits at the "Zoo." They may even bring their unfortunate friends dainties of various kinds, such as stained Easter eggs, cakes, preserves, and fresh linen, &c. And if a box of cigarettes is surreptitiously passed inside the grating, well, perhaps the officer on duty is shortsighted for the time being. Fancy the torture of a man (not to speak of women-smokers, so numerous in Russia) used since boyhood to his forty or fifty cigarettes a day, and all of a sudden deprived totally of this favourite indulgence! A Russian gaoler is not altogether devoid of feeling, and on this point he is pliable and fraternally inclined. You will find all classes avail themselves of this opportunity to see their friends, particularly as an interview procured inside the prison-walls is held in the presence of an officer, but on these occasions the intercourse is freer.

Our illustration is taken from one of the prisons at Moscow, where prisoners are detained until final judgment is passed on them, after which they are sent to other places to join the next transport to Siberia. Suicides while in prison, previous to such departure (in most cases, for ever) from home and friends, are said to be very frequent.

### THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN CEYLON

AND

### THE DEVIL'S DANCE

See page 440

### REFUSING TO PAY TOLL IN IRELAND

The incident here depicted was taken from a photograph, which it may be presumed reproduced the scene as it actually occurred. Further details are lacking; we do not know when or where the incident took place; all we do know is that there was a pig fair in progress, and that the toll-collectors, who were under the protection of a constable, stopped the cart, because the men in charge of it refused to pay the dues which were demanded from them.

### SIR EDWARD P. COWAN

### MR. EDWARD LLOYD

### THE RIGHT REV. DR. PARRY

AND

### THE MARQUIS TSENG

See page 444



## DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT IN CEYLON

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught ended their long stay in India on Thursday, March 13th, when, amid every sign of regret, they left Bombay, en route for Hong Kong. On the following Monday they arrived at Colombo, where they met with a very warm welcome. They were received by the principal authorities, who presented an address enclosed in a casket, and, the Duke having made an appropriate reply, drove through the gaily-decorated streets, amid the hearty cheers of the populace. A flying visit was then paid to Kandy, where several of the neighbouring native chiefs came to pay their respects, and in the evening a reception was held at Queen's House, Colombo. At midnight, when the Royal party re-embarked to continue their voyage to China, the harbour was brilliantly illuminated. Mr. Arthur Truscott, of the Board of Trade schooner *Ceylon*, Colombo, to whom we are indebted for the sketch from which our engraving is taken, writes:—"The sketch represents the illuminations in the harbour of Colombo at the moment the Duke and Duchess of Connaught passed our vessel in the Governor's barge, which is represented in the fore-sea of the sketch. The entire breakwater, about one mile long, was illuminated with torches, borne by about 3,000 coolies. The harbour was so bright we manned yards as though it were day."

### THE DEVIL'S DANCE

THIS fantastic orgie was witnessed at the town of Loongi, the capital of Bullom, West Coast of Africa, by a party of

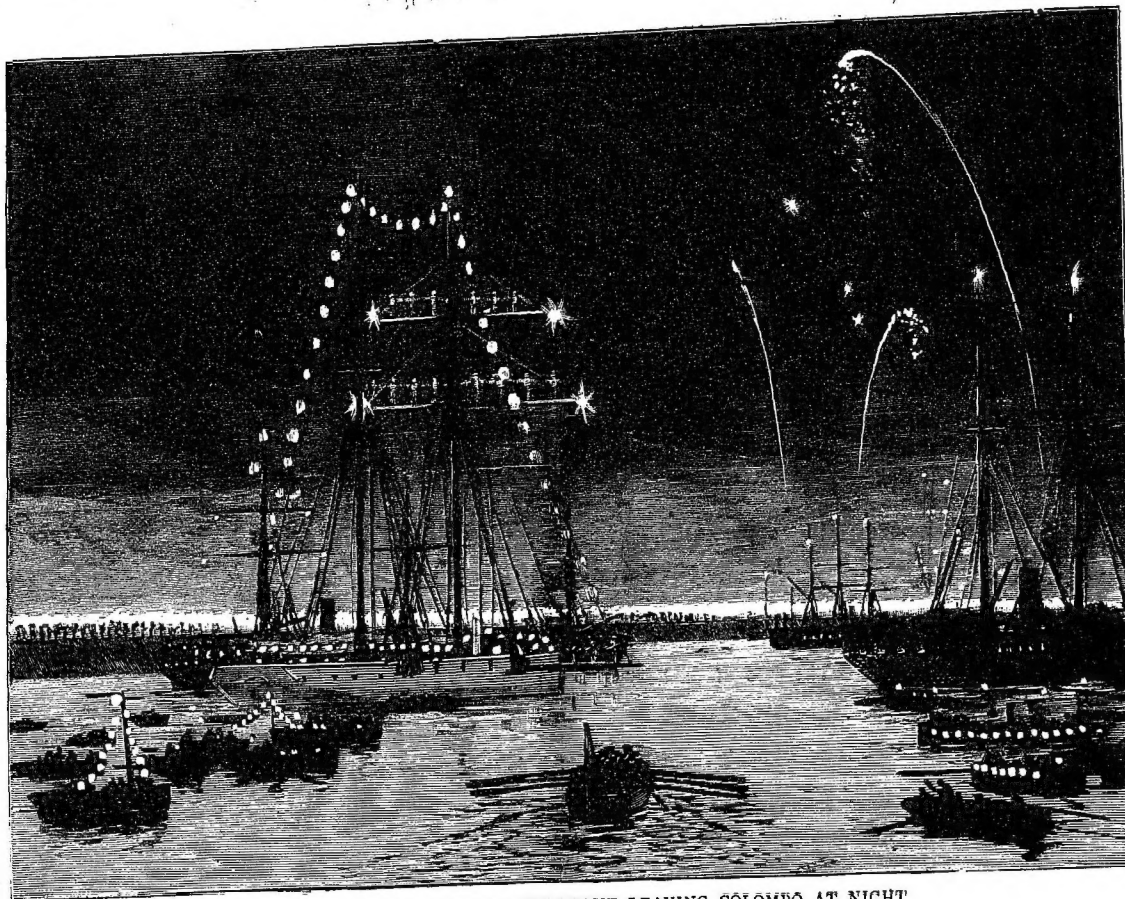
officers from the West India Regiment quartered at Sierra Leone, one of whom, Lieutenant C. H. M'Fall, made sketches of the performers during the entertainment. The people of Loongi are Mahomedans; but the dancing devil

is decidedly uncanny. In the centre of a circle which fills the courtyard, the devil with an orthodox tail, a great crocodile's head, and long grass, looking like hair, depending from his body and legs, and swaying as he moves, leaps,

beating time with his feet to the beat of the drums; while the women, two deep, as on the left of the picture, wail a chant, and strike their palms together in slow, rhythmical measure, those in the front row bowing down between each beat. The young men, in long robes and caps, wail with the women. Both are under vows, the dance being one of their rites. They look dazed to begin with, but gradually work themselves into a frenzy; and the black faces, the monotonous, wailing cry, the thrumming of the drums, the rattle of the clackers, and the beat of the devil's feet as he springs up, crouches down, and swings about, make a scene to shock the quiet moon and stars, and gladden Gehenna. North of Sierra Leone is Mahomedan, south Pagan; and the southern people have this devil.

When peace is declared between two native tribes, the Peace Devil, who is fetish, comes leaping into the town; but, if he stumbles or falls, it is considered a bad omen, and he is put to death for his pains. His dress is sacred, but his person is of no consequence.

On the left of the picture is the Chief of Loongi and one of his sons, who stands just behind him. They were both much amused and delighted with their own portraits, and stood heroically to be sketched.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT LEAVING COLOMBO AT NIGHT  
The Illumination in the Harbour

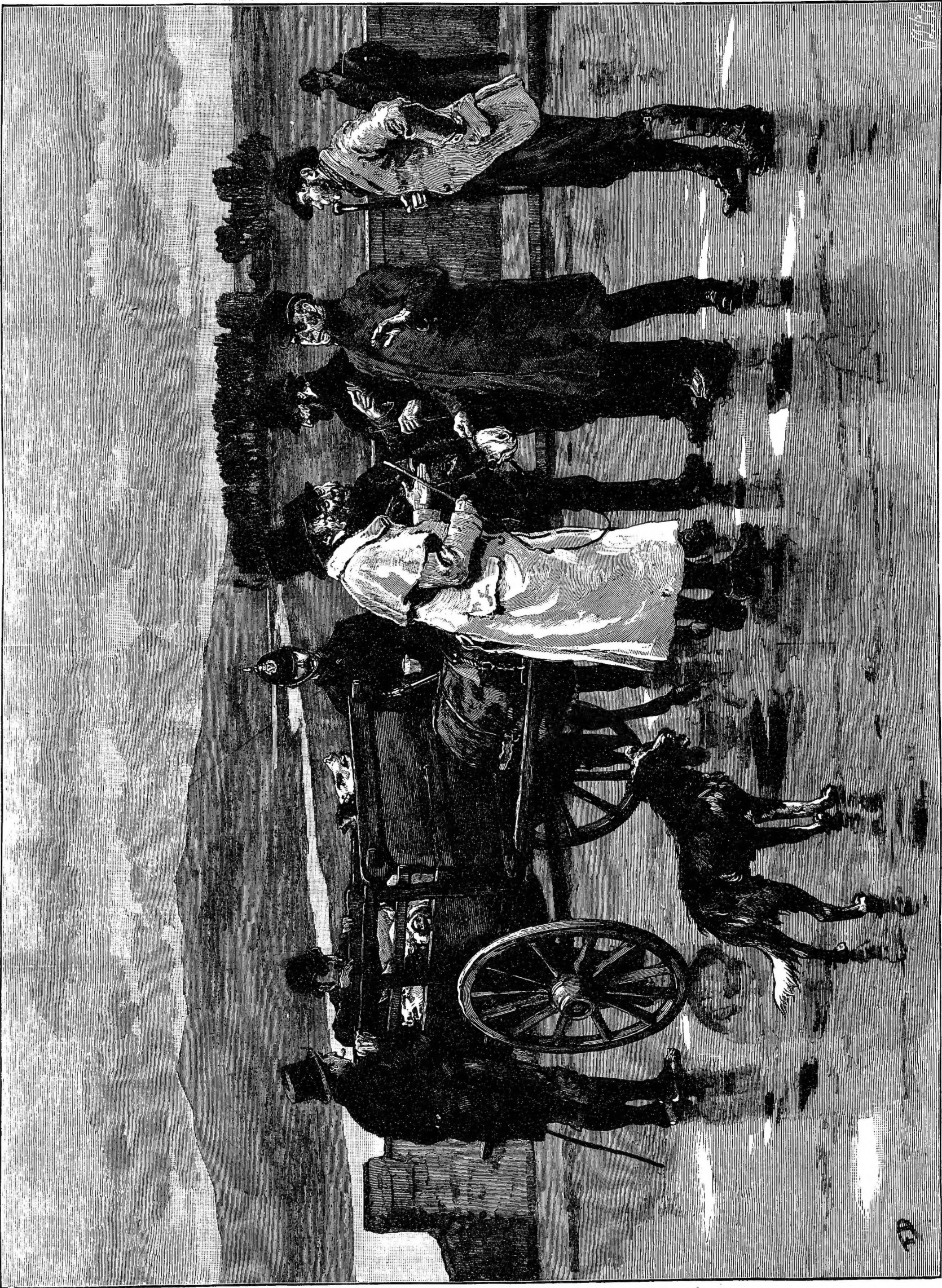
himself is a relic of a not long departed paganism, and so also probably is the dance itself. It takes place in the courtyard of the chief's premises, which is entered through a circular hut. The scene which presents itself to any one coming suddenly out of the darkness into the noise and glare

THE WATERLOO MONUMENT AT BRUSSELS, erected in memory of the British officers and men buried on Belgian soil, will be unveiled next August by the Duke of Cambridge.



THE DEVIL'S DANCE  
A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA





TAKING TOLL IN IRELAND—A SCENE AT AN IRISH PIG-FAIR  
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.



"MADAME LEROUX"

PORTRAIT OF QUEEN MARY TUDOR

THE MEMORIAL TO FREDERICK III. OF GERMANY

“WIRE”

## "MY FIRST SEASON"

THE RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN

Mr. Matthews was one of the Ministers in attendance, and no time was lost in raising the question of his dealings with the Crew parricides. Mr. Pickersgill, who has a mission in all matters that relate to the Home Office, with portentous manner asked the Home Secretary how it came to pass that whilst he reprieved George Davies he should have hanged his brother Richard? Mr. Matthews replied that the recommendation to mercy urged by the jury had been based specifically upon the youth of the prisoners. Now, whilst George Davies was aged only sixteen years and eight months, his brother Richard was "all but nineteen." Therefore he had, he

LONDON MORTALITY decreased and increased respectively during the last two weeks. The deaths numbered 1,419 and 1,619, being a decline of 152, and an advance of 200, but 362 and 145 below the average, while the death rate was 16·7 and 19·1 per 1,000. Fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs continue low, and were 296 and 384—a fall of 79 and rise of 89, but 147 and 40 below the average, and included 10 and 7 from influenza (a decrease of 3 each week). There were 84 and 79 deaths from whooping-cough (a decline of 17 and 5), 35 and 54 from measles (a fall of 10 and rise of 19), 20 and 21 from diphtheria (a decrease of 10 and increase of 1), 10 each week from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 3 in the first week), 8 and 12 from scarlet fever (a fall of 2 and advance of 4), 2 and 4 from enteric fever (a decrease of 5 and rise of 2), and one from an ill-defined form of fever in the first week. There were 2,329 and 2,360 births, a fall of 214 and increase of 31, yet 576 and 453 under the usual standard.



General Ellis

Mr. Mounteney Jephson

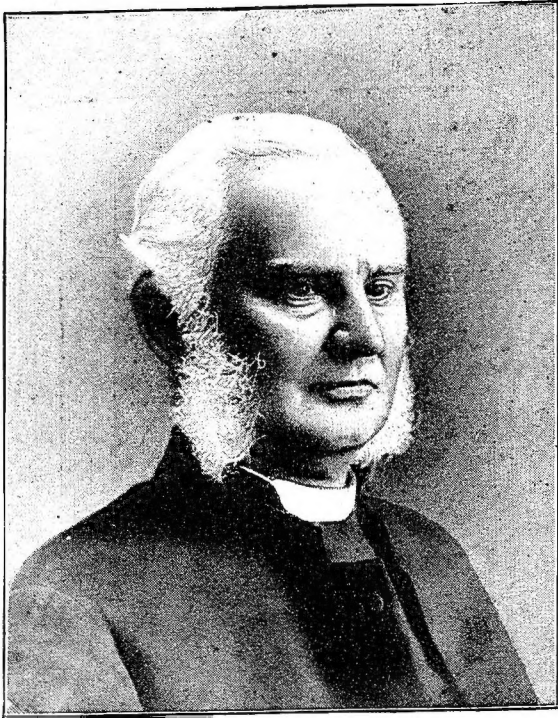


The Prince of Wales

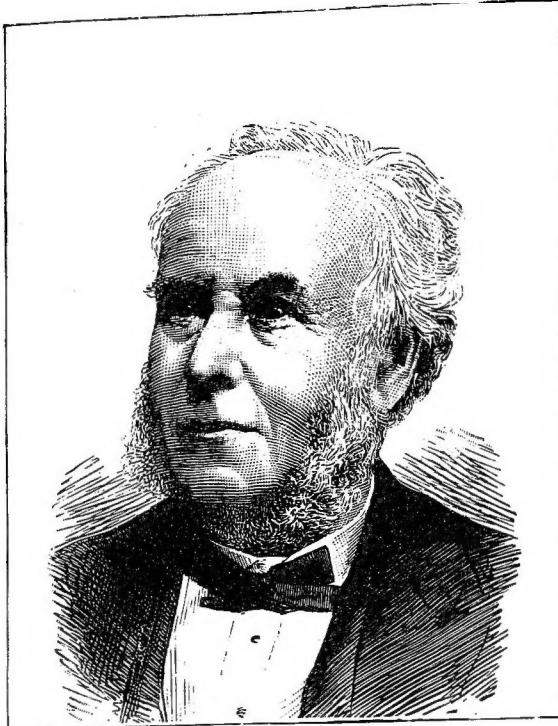
Mr. H. M. Stanley

MR. STANLEY'S ARRIVAL AT CANNES—INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE EXPLORER AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES





THE RIGHT REV. EDWARD PARRY, D.D.  
Bishop of Dover  
Born 1830. Died April 11, 1890



THE LATE MR. EDWARD LLOYD  
Newspaper Proprietor.  
Born February 16, 1815. Died April 8, 1890



THE LATE SIR EDWARD P. COWAN  
Lord Lieutenant of County Antrim.  
Born 1842. Died March 24, 1890.

### SIR E. P. COWAN

THE sudden and unexpected death of Sir Edward Cowan, the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Antrim, has caused much regret in Belfast, and indeed throughout all Ireland. The funeral, on Friday, March the 29th, was the biggest and most representative ever witnessed in Belfast. The long procession took three quarters of an hour to pass a given point. In it were the members of the Belfast City Council, the Chairman of the Harbour Board, the Water Companies, the Royal Irish Constabulary in full dress with their side arms, the members of the Ulster Reform Club, of which Sir Edward was an ex-President, and more than a hundred carriages. Sir Edward died at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. He came of an old stock of Ulster Liberals, who have played no unimportant part in the history of the North of Ireland, but who have generally been unable to follow Mr. Gladstone in his recent conversion to Irish Nationalisation. Sir Edward Porter Cowan was a pronounced Liberal Unionist. He entertained the Marquis of Hartington during his recent visits to Belfast, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Wolmer, and indeed all the principal supporters of the Liberal Unionist cause who, during the last year, have come to the North of Ireland. In a letter to Mr. Macknight, the editor of the *Northern Whig*, published after the funeral, Mr. Chamberlain expressed his deep sense of the loss he and the Liberal Unionists generally had sustained by this unexpected death. Sir Edward was twice Mayor of Belfast, and was knighted by Earl Cowper during his visit to the city when Lord-Lieutenant. He was Chairman of the Committee of the Ulster Banking Company, and of the Irish Shipowners' Company; a Director of the Great Northern Railway Company, and of the Ulster Steamship Company. He was also connected with many other important commercial enterprises in the North of Ireland. He was the son of Mr. Samuel Cowan, of Cromac House, Belfast, and educated at the Royal Academical Institution. He was married to Agnes, daughter of Mr. Andrew Cowan, J.P., of Glenhara, and by her he leaves four sons and four daughters, the eldest son, Mr. Bertie Cowan, being a student of Trinity College. The sympathies of the public generally are deeply felt and expressed for Lady Cowan, who, like her lamented husband, has endeared herself to the people of Belfast and the North of Ireland by many acts of kindness and generosity. The loss sustained is universally admitted to be very great. Sir Edward was a most amiable and estimable gentleman, and, though a decided politician, was respected and beloved by all classes and parties in the North of Ireland. His death leaves a perceptible blank.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Chancellor, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

### MR. EDWARD LLOYD

A VERY remarkable career was closed last week when Mr. Edward Lloyd succumbed to the heart disease which, since last August, had rendered him an invalid. Born at Thornton Heath, near Croydon, a few months before the Battle of Waterloo, he early gave evidence of the immense natural energy which he possessed. Having left school at an early age, he attached himself to the London Mechanics' Institution, where he studied shorthand to so much purpose that, before he was sixteen years old, he published a handbook

on the subject, the "outlines" in every copy being written in by the indefatigable young stenographer himself. Thenceforward he brought out numerous publications with varying success. Among others was a penny illustrated paper, which, however, soon fell a victim to the Stamp Tax. On November 27th, 1842, the first number of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* was published, the price being at first twopence. The paper at once took a hold upon the public, and some few years later, when, Douglas Jerrold being editor, Mr. Lloyd

other journals beside his own. He was a specially-selected member of the Reform Club.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent Street, W.

### THE BISHOP OF DOVER,

WHO had been ailing for more than a year, succumbed last week to enlargement of the heart, which had recently been complicated by congestion of the lungs. Edward Parry was the only surviving son of the late Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Parry, K.C.B., the well-known Arctic explorer. He was born at Government House, Sydney, in 1830, and was educated at Rugby, and at Balliol College, Oxford (B.A. 1852, M.A. 1855). For three years he was a tutor at Durham University, but in 1856 (having been ordained deacon in 1854, and priest in the following year) he was appointed Curate of Sonning, Berkshire, and shortly afterwards domestic chaplain to Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London. From 1859 to 1869 he was Rector of Acton, and from 1863 to 1869 Rural Dean of Ealing, which posts gave him an opportunity of taking an active part in all London Diocesan matters. In the latter year he was appointed Arch-deacon and Canon of Canterbury, and in 1870 Bishop Suffragan of Dover. In 1882 he was elected by the Australian Bishops to the Bishopric of Sydney as Metropolitan of Australia, but declined the nomination. He leaves a widow and six children.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.

### THE MARQUIS TSENG,

WHO died at Peking, on April 12th, of typhoid fever, was born in 1839, in the province of Honan, China, and was the eldest son of Tseng Kuo Fan, a distinguished soldier, who played a prominent part in the Taiping rebellion. He belonged to a very ancient family, his remote ancestor, Tseng-tzu, being one of the four immediate disciples of Confucius. After the death of his father, Tseng withdrew from public life for a long time, but in 1879, when the humiliating Kuldja Treaty gave great dissatisfaction in China, he was appointed Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and conducted the negotiations so ably that he regained all that had been sacrificed by his predecessor, and the disputed territory was restored to China. In recognition of his great success, the Marquis was promoted to London and Paris, and, in the troubled years of the Tonquin War, he fairly maintained his reputation for diplomacy. Leaving Paris in 1885, he resided in England for nearly two years, spending most of the time in Folkestone, a town of which he and the Marchioness Tseng were very fond. When he returned to China, after an eventful eight years' residence in Europe, he left behind him

the reputation of a worthy and a courteous Envoy. It is but fair to add that much of the success of his European mission was due to the untiring exertions of Sir Halliday Macartney, the Secretary to the Chinese Legation. The late Marquis was a skilful writer in his own tongue, and an article from his pen, entitled, "China, the Sleep and the Awakening," which appeared in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* of January, 1887, attracted considerable attention.

A COLOSSAL STATUE of the late John Bright is to be erected in Manchester.



THE LATE MARQUIS TSENG  
Formerly Chinese Ambassador to the Courts of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg.  
Born December 7, 1839. Died April 12, 1890

was enabled to reduce the price to a penny, obtained an enormous circulation. Some men would have been content to have rested on their oars after such a success. Mr. Lloyd was not of that sort. When well past sixty he startled his friends by giving 30,000*l.* for the *Clerkenwell News*, which, after a very successful career as a local journal, was struggling to obtain a wider circulation under the additional title of the *London Daily Chronicle*; and, by a large expenditure of time, energy, and money, succeeded in establishing it as a first-class daily paper. Mr. Lloyd was also a paper-maker in a large way of business, and from his mills in Kent supplied many





DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

Mr. Hawkins turned it up again with a flare when he saw who his visitor was.

## "MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

MADAME LEROUX'S dislike to Miss Smith had been suddenly and unexpectedly quickened. She began to fear that Lucy might—whether consciously or unconsciously, mattered little—injure her in the opinion of Mr. Rushmere.

Fatima, who was always staunchly loyal to her friend, chose one evening, when Madame Leroux was at the Hawkins's house, to launch forth into a panegyric on Lucy; and to add that all the gentlemen who had met her in that house were enraptured with her. Fatima was moved to do this, partly because Madame had spoken slightly of *cette petite Smith* before a circle of men who were present, but of whom Zephany was not one.

"Ah, really?" said Madame, turning round with a smile of the most winning good humour—for she was playing to an appreciative audience. Frampton Fennell was there, and Harrington Jersey; the unstable Jersey, who was weakly veering round again, and drifting into a sham flirtation for the sake of a sham victory over a sham rival. "Really? But, Fatima, *ma mignonne*, you must admit that it is particularly unfortunate for a governess in a girls' school to be so immensely popular with one sex, and so utterly unpopular with the other! The girls at Douro House can't bear her. I'm sorry. It is, of course, a bore of bores for me; but it is a sad and stubborn fact—as stubborn a little fact as Miss Smith herself!"

"I don't mean that gentlemen admire her in that way," protested

Fatima, vaguely. (Poor Fatima was no match for Madame Leroux, even when she was not vexed and indignant, as she was feeling at this moment.) "But I know that Zephany thinks no end of her, and that Mr. Rushmere considers her one of the most interesting, amiable, attractive girls he ever met in his life. He talked to her the whole evening when she was here."

"Oho! Your nabob has had the honour of an introduction to Miss Smith, then?" said Madame Leroux, with seeming carelessness, but an inward start of surprise and annoyance.

"Yes," said Marie, interposing. And her cool, clear tones produced an effect as of dew after a sultry sunset. "But Fatima is too vehement. *Tu as tu, donc Fatima?* Mr. Rushmere was very kind, and promised to write some letters to Australia for Miss Smith. Something about her relations there, I believe. Miss Smith is always very nice when she is here. I told you so, you know."

The vision of Miss Smith on such terms of intimate acquaintance with Rushmere that the latter had written letters on her family business was peculiarly disagreeable to Caroline Leroux. She had been disappointed to learn that Rushmere had left London, and that the time of his return was uncertain. Having made up her mind that she would meet him, she desired that the meeting might be soon. But now the possibility was suggested to her that, while he for the present was beyond her reach, he might actually be in correspondence with Lucy Smith! There was no danger now of Madame Leroux's being overcome by emotion at the mention of

Rushmere's name. She had spoken of him freely to the Hawkins's, but without hinting that she had ever known him before. And Zephany had kept her secret with complete fidelity.

Before leaving the Hawkins's, she had drawn forth a full account of the rise and progress of Lucy's acquaintance with Mr. Rushmere. It dismayed her. She had not formed to herself any clear picture of Lucy's existence during the holidays at Douro House. She had once or twice thought, carelessly, that it must be dull; adding the commentary, that it served her right, since she had chosen to set herself offensively against Madame's way of giving her amusement and companionship. But this glimpse of Lucy leading a life entirely disconnected from the interests and duties, the approval or disapproval, of Douro House—walking in Kensington Gardens, spending the evening in Great Portland Street, was not only surprising, but absolutely disquieting. And Miss Smith had been so cunningly silent about it all! There was no knowing what such a deep little thing might do next!

But there were complex motives at work to strengthen Madame Leroux's desire to rid herself of this girl, and among them was the deep-lying conviction—unacknowledged to herself—that "this girl" had some feeling akin to contempt for Madame Leroux.

Now Madame Leroux, like a good many other people who are lavish of their contempt, had a particular objection to incurring it. Anger, disapproval, opposition—all these she could meet victoriously. Even a religious despondency as to the state of her soul.



coupled with an admiring admission that her beauty and cleverness laid her open to peculiar temptations, did not humiliate her. She had encountered that in one memorable instance; and had rather enjoyed the sense of her intellectual superiority over the feeble character which was subject to the spell of her attractions whilst condemning it as a sin, and struggling against it as a snare. But she was inwardly convinced that in the mind of Miss Lucy Smith there were no illusions about her. And to be judged without illusions seemed intolerable to her imagination.

Some of Madame's admirers considered her chief charm to lie in her frank disdain of humbug. And she did disdain it—in other people. Nay, her disdain extended to those persons whom she humbugged herself. All the savour would have disappeared from her life if she had failed to deceive them. But to despise them for being deceived, seemed to her in some way to restore the balance of her self-esteem.

One afternoon, two days subsequent to Madame's evening visit to the Hawkins's, Lucy appeared at the house in Great Portland Street, and asked to speak with Mr. Hawkins. She was shown into the office, from whence the last of the Beneficent Pelican's borrowers had just departed, and where Mr. Hawkins was locking up his desk, preparatory to turning the gas out, and going upstairs. It was a gloomy November day, and the dingy little back den smelt close, and felt chilly in spite of the gas. Mr. Hawkins turned it up again with a flare when he saw who his visitor was, and pulled forward a chair for her, and shook hands very cordially.

In a few words she told him that Madame Leroux had dismissed her; that Madame had promised to return half the premium which had been paid; and that she (Lucy) would be required to leave Douro House at the end of the current week. The poor child had wept many bitter tears, and had passed a night of wretched misery. But she was steady and fearless now. There was a fund of energy and courage in her nature, which responded to the need for action and decision.

"I hope you will forgive me for troubling you, Mr. Hawkins," she said. "But you have been so kind to me, I thought I might venture to ask your advice. And I am very friendless here. My only friends are away travelling abroad, and I am not even sure where a letter would reach them at this moment. Besides, time presses."

Mr. Hawkins replied with warm, and evidently sincere, assurances of his good will to serve and assist her with his best wisdom. Lucy was a little surprised to find that her news did not appear to strike him as being of a fatal or agitating nature. To her it had seemed to imply a sort of cataclysm.

But Mr. Hawkins had merely said on hearing her first announcement, "Dear, dear! How's that?"

Somehow this coolness gave her courage. The case could not be so exceptionally bad. To Mr. Hawkins's experience it evidently seemed remediable. Before starting from Douro House she had resolved to ask him if he would allow her to return to his house for a week or two until she should have found some other employment. But there was another question to which it first behoved her to have an answer; and she asked it leaning a little forward, with hands clasped together on her knee, and her eyes fixed earnestly on Mr. Hawkins.

"Do you think that it would be right for me to appropriate that money—the portion of the premium which Madame Leroux means to repay—or ought I to send it to Mr. Shard?"

"God bless my soul, certainly not!" exclaimed Adolphus hotly. "The idea is absurd!"

The idea of spontaneously returning money to any one would have struck him as being eccentric to the verge of sanity. But a moment's reflection assured him that in this case there could be no defence whatever for so ill-advised a precedent.

"Shard mentioned to me distinctly that that money was to be expended for your benefit; was yours, in short. You need have no scruples. Don't say a syllable of the kind to him. Give it back, indeed!"

Lucy drew a little breath of relief. And then proceeded rather timidly to ask if Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins would consent to receive her again.

"Of course, if you did me that favour, I should pay for my board," she said, blushing.

"Don't say a word about that, my dear. We shall only be too delighted to have you among us again. Marie will welcome you heartily; and as to Fatima, she will be ready to jump out of her skin with joy."

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, with all my heart!" said Lucy, with the tears brimming up into her eyes.

Then she added, "But I must write to my—Mr. Shard, to tell him what has happened. He wrote to me in a tone which made me feel that he did not wish to be considered in any way responsible for me. I understood that perfectly well. But still I think he ought to be told; ought he not?"

"Shall I write him a few lines explaining the circumstances? I should put your case a great deal better for you than you would for yourself," said Mr. Hawkins, looking at her with genuine sympathy.

"Oh that would be so good of you! But you are busy. I ought not to give you that trouble."

"It will cost me no trouble, my dear. No trouble in the world!"

In saying which Adolphus Hawkins spoke with more literal truth than he was aware of. For, although he had fully meant what he said in making that offer, yet the letter to Mr. Shard went to increase the vast multitude of ideas unembodied into acts in which were comprised many of Mr. Hawkins's best intentions, and never got written at all. "Don't be downcast, my dear Miss Smith. With your abilities you are sure to do well. In fact," continued Adolphus, warming, as he went on, into one of his sanguine visions, "I think it likely that this little *contretemps* may turn out to be the very best thing for you that could have happened. You will probably find a position in some private family—some thoroughly first-rate family, where your manners and accomplishments will be appreciated as they deserve. A school, after all, must consist of mixed elements. That vulgar young person, Miss Cohen, now, on whose account chiefly you tell me Madame Leroux is parting with you—well, it certainly will be an unmitigated advantage to be clear of such girls as Miss Cohen. Ah, Mammon, Mammon! The worship of the Golden Calf!" exclaimed Mr. Hawkins, straightening a pile of little pamphlets on tinted paper, bearing the title, "Millamint; or, Home Treasures." "It perverts the best natures to some extent. Not that I would have you think too hardly of Madame Leroux. After all, you know, she has to carry on her business as best she can. We don't live in Arcadia. I only wish we did! But now come upstairs and see Marie and Fatima. I have no hesitation in saying that I believe this will be the tide in your affairs, which taken at the flood will lead to your establishment in a very superior family."

Mrs. Hawkins and Fatima were both as cordial as possible. But notwithstanding Mr. Hawkins's disclaimer, Marie showed no reluctance whatever to settle with Miss Smith the terms in which that young lady could be lodged and boarded in her house.

Lucy left Great Portland Street with a heart wonderfully lightened. It was impossible—it would even, she felt, have been ungrateful—not to be cheered by the kindness she had met with. And in spite of herself she was a little infected by Mr. Hawkins's sanguine talk. She checked herself for this; and called to mind, as a corrective, the confidence she had heard him express as to schemes and plans of his own, which nevertheless had left him with the salary of

secretary to the Beneficent Pelican for his main subsistence. "But then," said Lucy to herself, "I am not expecting anything so magnificent as Mr. Hawkins's visions. A very modest salary would content me, and there must be nice homes where a governess would be, kindly treated. Miss Feltham's life was as happy as possible, until—" The warm current of hopefulness was checked. Her thoughts had turned to Mildred, and to the long, long time which had elapsed since she had heard from her.

"I suppose she is too busy enjoying all the beautiful new sights around her," thought Lucy, with a faint touch of bitterness. But the bitterness was transient. She did not really doubt that Mildred continued constant and loyal-hearted. Letter-writing had always been a disagreeable task to Mildred, requiring an effort. (Indeed, Mildred's feeling was not apt to express itself in words, either written or spoken. And she would often, even when they were children, sit silent for half an hour together by Lucy's side, conscious of needing no speeches to make her affection understood.) And of besides, she could not guess how precious even a few lines full of the old, familiar, loving confidence would be to Lucy now—coming into her dull and lonely life, like a sunbeam into a cold dark room. Lucy told herself that she did not desire that Mildred should guess it. It would only distress her uselessly. For what could she do? She must naturally obey her aunt's decision as to what was best. And not even at this crisis in her fortunes had Lucy for a moment contemplated making an appeal to Lady Charlotte's pity.

She did not know that her last letter had arrived in Milan after the Enderbys had left it, and had never come into Mildred's hands. But that had not been the reason why no communication had come to her for so long a time. Mildred would not have reckoned so closely with her friend. It was true that she disliked writing; and it was true also that she had not unlimited time for it at her disposal. Nevertheless, there was a letter to Lucy lying unfinished in Mildred's desk, when the catastrophe of her father's death interrupted the whole course of her life with the suddenness of an earthquake. And the poor little letter, which would have been such a cordial to the spirit of the lonely girl in London, was swept away with other broken plans, and frustrated hopes, and unfulfilled desires, for ever.

Lucy left Douro House without a parting word from Madame Leroux. Madame was busy, and could not be seen. But she sent word by Fräulein Schulze that Miss Smith was at liberty to refer to her for a certificate of competency to teach French and music. And in this way Lucy found herself once more an inmate of the house in Great Portland Street.

She soon perceived signs of a more liberal expenditure than when she had been there before. The table was spread in a less fluctuating fashion. There was now a good dinner every day. Marie was not requested to take the air in a hansom cab, but had a hired brougham whenever she chose to order it. And Fatima came to Lucy one day with a twenty pound note in her hand, the first instalment of an allowance for dress which Uncle Adolphe was henceforth going to make her regularly.

Fatima, in truth, possessed about fifty pounds a year of her own. But it was administered by Uncle Adolphe, who gave her a sovereign or two when he could, and was extremely sorry when he couldn't. But Fatima had no idea of making any selfish claim. Uncle Adolphe and cousin Marie had fed her, and clothed her, and lodged her ever since she was little. They were very kind to her; and if her fifty pounds had suddenly swelled into five hundred, she would assuredly have had no thought of separating her interests from theirs.

There were some delicate blossoms and wholesome simples growing, on that borderland of Bohemia, among the thistles, and tares, and nettles.

But in other respects, besides material comforts, Lucy noted changes. The old *habitués* still came from time to time; but there was also a new, and, she thought, less agreeable set of guests who took to frequenting Mrs. Hawkins's drawing-room, and were sometimes even asked to dinner. There was the great Mr. Blifkins, of Blifkins and Muggs, who, greatly to Lucy's surprise, addressed her as "Miss," without the addition of her surname; and walked warily among his aspirants, like a man in tight boots along a pebbly path. And once she caught a glimpse of Mr. Clampitt—only a glimpse, for he never joined the society in the drawing-room; but, when he came, was ushered into the dining-room, where the table was spread with papers. The glimpse showed her a pair of rounded shoulders, clad in a very dusty coat; and the back of a bald head, considerably elongated from stem to stern, so to speak, and singularly flat at the top.

The British Tea Company was rising at a rapid rate above the horizon, and a ray or two from it seemed to be already gilding some hitherto impecunious lives. Lucy instinctively mistrusted the whole affair; and partly justified her mistrust to herself by remembering that Mr. Rushmore—a man of wide experience and bright intelligence—had mistrusted it also. And she resolved not to let herself be tempted, by the force of example, into any lotus-eating, idle trust in the morrow; but to endeavour, as energetically as she could, to find the means of earning her bread.

Sometimes it seemed to her that she had no right to enjoy sundry little luxuries which were placed at her disposal. But how refuse kindness that was so freely offered? She was made welcome to share in the family prosperity. And even Marie often urged her to accept a place in a carriage, a seat at the theatre, a bouquet, an excursion into the country, and so on.

For Marie's prudence took the form of getting all that was to be got out of the present. And every little treat that they could enjoy, with ready money, she looked on as so much laid up for a rainy day—something, that is to say, which the creditors would not be able to touch when the crash came.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

LIFE seemed to Lucy in those days something like a game in which the players should be expected to put together a puzzle map with fragments that did not fit. Her efforts to find suitable employment—by dint of answering advertisements, applying to agents, and so on—were unremitting. Mr. Hawkins, indeed, took her to task about wearing herself out needlessly. Millamint shares were going off well, and the world was really far too agreeable a place to be spoiled by that kind of thing. It was clear, too, that Miss Smith had more accomplishments and better manners than half the governesses who were getting eighty or a hundred pounds a year.

"Your kind estimate of me is far too high, Mr. Hawkins," Lucy said. "But even supposing it were not, I should hardly get a situation by sitting still and meditating on my own acquirements."

"*Tout vient à point pour qui sait attendre*," remarked Mr. Hawkins, conveying in his manner a mixture of airy lightness and solid knowledge of the world.

"Well," answered Lucy, laughing, "dinner-time will certainly come if I wait for it. But will dinner?" And she went on day after day in her quest, which still continued fruitless.

It was on one of these occasions that the comparison of the puzzle map occurred to her mind. There seemed to be so many cases where her offer and the employer's demand almost fitted each other—but not quite! It was terribly trying to be told that she was precisely the young person whom Mrs. Brown would have liked as governess to her two little boys, if only she could have undertaken to teach them the Slöjd system acquired in Sweden. But the Slöjd system acquired in Sweden was indispensable, and the negotiation must be broken off; or to hear that had she applied six days

earlier for the post of reader and companion to Lady Green, she would probably have obtained it, since Lady Green liked her voice and general demeanour a great deal better than those of the lady whom she had engaged.

And all the persons who would have engaged her, but couldn't, were so extremely easy to satisfy; whereas all those who could have engaged her but wouldn't, put forward extravagant pretensions, and offered the most moderate rate of payment. In one or two cases where she had personal interviews with ladies to whom the agent had sent her, she was examined and catechised with a searching sternness which suggested that these matrons held the fact of wanting to be employed as a governess to constitute a *prima facie* case against her of the gravest suspicion; while others waved her case against her with smiling tolerance, and the statement that she was off at once with smiling tolerance, and the statement that she was a great deal too young, and not at all the sort of person they wanted—as if she had been a child wanting to play at governess during lesson time.

Singularly enough, the first practical move towards getting her employment originated with Mr. Clampitt.

Mr. Clampitt had seen some papers in Lucy's handwriting—for in her eagerness to be of use to the Hawkins's she had offered to copy out advertisements and prospectuses for the printer, address circulars, and so forth—and he had expressed approval of the neat, clear character. It was during a forenoon, when the family were alone, and Mr. Clampitt was looking through a mass of printed and written documents with Mr. Hawkins. The considerable quantity of the documents, in fact, was the chief reason why the dining-room was being used at that moment instead of the office. The office was small, and cold, and dark; and, moreover, nearly all its available space was already filled by the archives of the Beneficent Pelican. And the table in the dining-room afforded accommodation for spreading out papers. That room afforded, besides, a roaring fire, kept up at some one else's expense—a circumstance not unappreciated by Mr. Clampitt in the winter weather.

"A very good writing; clear as print," said Mr. Clampitt with emphatic approbation. He had been previously informed that the writing had been done by a young friend "to oblige;" so that he was under no apprehension of spoiling the market by praising the work of some one who would expect to be paid for it.

Lucy was out, and Fatima seized the occasion to sound her friend's praises to Mr. Clampitt—as she was, in fact, ready to sound them under most circumstances.

"The young lady who wrote those copies does everything well," she said, eagerly. "And she is so pretty!"

"Ay, ay! But that's having more than her share, ain't it? When a young lady's pretty, we don't expect her to write so as you can read every letter," returned Mr. Clampitt jocosely.

Mr. Clampitt's features had a somewhat unfinished look; such as may be seen in a sculptor's studio, when the inferior workman has cut the mass of marble into a rough-hewn stage of resemblance to the human face divine, and before the master has finished it with those minute differences which, taken all together, make up so vast a difference. He had a broad face, surrounded by a fringe of grey whiskers, and surmounted by a wide mass of bulging forehead with ragged, reddish eyebrows, beneath which a pair of pale blue eyes, *à fleur de tête*, blinked in a weak-sighted manner.

Mention has already been made of the remarkable flatness of Mr. Clampitt's cranium. One felt, indeed, in front of that wide bulging brow, somewhat as the beholder feels on contemplating the west front of St. Peter's at Rome—instinctively impelled, that is, to step backward so as to get a glimpse of the dome. Only in Mr. Clampitt's case, no amount of backing or distance could lend that last enchantment to the view, since the dome did not exist. It may be added, that the dustiness which Lucy had perceived on the back of Mr. Clampitt's coat was consistently carried out in the rest of his attire; and that his large, coarse, stumpy-fingered hands, in particular, were very dirty.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Hawkins—not with effusive adulation, but merely as a polite recognition of the joke. "Very true—very true! Some sages have held that to be pretty comprises the whole duty of woman, and, to judge by what one sees, some of the pretty ones seem to think so themselves!"

"I wonder," said Marie, who was always practical according to her lights, and not easily diverted into a zig-zag course of conversation by too great quickness in taking up merely verbal suggestions for discursiveness, "I wonder whether Mr. Clampitt could make any use of Miss Smith's services for the British Tea Company—could give her any employment! She would be glad to earn even very little just for the present."

Mr. Clampitt suddenly bowed his shoulders more than ever in looking over the papers, and blinked his eyes uneasily.

"No, no; I think not," he said at once, fingering the documents and pushing them hither and thither on the table in a rough, irritable way. "I don't see the least chance—not the slightest."

He suspected a trap, but he was not going to fall into it; his having praised the writing, under the supposition that it had been gratuitous, bound him to nothing, as the Hawkins's should soon see, if they tried it on with him!

"Pooh, my dear," said Mr. Hawkins, loftily. "Miss Smith has very different views; a girl with her accomplishments—"

"I am quite sure Miss Smith has no views which would prevent her from being grateful for a little patronage from Mr. Clampitt," interposed Marie, who had been watching that gentleman with her limpid, unembarrassed gaze. "Accomplishments don't go far towards getting one's bread, and as to adding any butter to it, it takes very great business talents—solid abilities, to do that in these hard times."

Mr. Clampitt had often been dumbly conscious of precisely these sentiments himself—especially when observing, with some bitterness, the care Adolphus Hawkins took of his nails, and the trenchant way in which he would settle questions of the Queen's English for advertising purposes; saying, curtly, without any specific explanation—

"Oh, no—no: 'had it have been otherwise,' won't do at all!" when Mr. Clampitt was certain that the phrase expressed his meaning genteelly.

He remained silent for a few minutes, and then proceeded with the work before him as if he had forgotten all about Marie's suggestion. But he had not forgotten. Before he went away he came and stood in front of Mrs. Hawkins with his hat on his head. He meant no disrespect to her by this; it was simply his habit to pick up his hat from under the table when he rose to leave the house, and to put it on his head as the most convenient and natural place for it.

"What kind of work does she want?" he asked without preamble.

"Miss Smith?" answered Marie, understanding him at once. "Almost any kind of work. Governess in a school, or private family; companion to an old lady—or a young one; reader; amanuensis—anything of that sort."

"Because," said Mr. Clampitt slowly, "there's a party I once knew something of in connection with the Pelican, before *his* time," with a jerk of the head towards Adolphus. "A party that required some temporary accommodation. But he's done very well for himself since. He introduced a borrower to us the other day. He's a dentist now."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Hawkins, with an involuntary slackening in the tense look of ingenuous interest with which she had been listening to Mr. Clampitt. "But I am afraid Miss Smith has no skill which could be made available for dentistry."



"It's nothing to do with the teeth. The party keeps a sekertary, p'raps more than one, to do a lot of writing for him."

"How good of you to think of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Hawkins, looking up at him. "And might Miss Smith use your name as a reference?"

"As far as my opinion of the handwriting. I couldn't speak to her character, you know."

"Oh!" burst out Fatima, meaning to protest a little vehemently. But her cousin stopped her with a rapid sentence uttered under her breath in French.

"I will lay it before Miss Smith," she said, sweetly. "And perhaps Mr. Clampitt would kindly give us his friend's address, so that Miss Smith might call if she entertains the idea."

"He isn't exactly a friend o' mine. I merely knew him through his wanting a little temp'ry accommodation. And it's no good calling without you write first for an appointment. But there's his address."

Mr. Clampitt fumbled in a leathern pocket-book stiff with grease and dirt, and full of miscellaneous papers. At length, from the midst of a roll of very soiled bank notes, where it had accidentally got wedged, he pulled forth a card which he handed to Mrs. Hawkins. Then, with a muffled "Mornin'," which he intended as a farewell salutation to the company, he walked away.

The first thing Fatima did, as soon as the door had closed behind him, was to run to the sideboard, pour out a glass of water from a bottle which stood there, and offer it to Marie; who at once dipped her fingers in it and dried them on her handkerchief.

"What's the matter?" inquired Adolphus, who had withdrawn his attention from the conversation some time back.

"He is such a pig!" said Fatima, making a crescendo on each syllable, and almost screaming the last, as a climax.

"Allons, Fatima!" said Marie, quietly. "Don't be silly. You were not asked to take his card. And, as for me—voilà!" And she held up her plump white hands, over which she had just sprinkled a few drops of *eau de Cologne*, from a little gold-capped bottle she carried in her pocket. "I would take another card if he'd give me a few of the notes wrapped up with it."

"The notes were filthy, too!" objected Fatima, with a little grimace of disgust.

Mrs. Hawkins shook her head and shrugged her pretty shoulders. Marie was not acquainted with Cicero, and if she had been would have taken care not to quote him; perceiving a great deal too clearly the image of herself which was admired in masculine minds, and having not the least desire to correct it. Otherwise "*non olet unde sit*" would tersely have expressed her sentiments.

"What card are you talking about?" asked Adolphus, and then his wife repeated to him what Mr. Clampitt had said.

At first Adolphus treated the idea as preposterous, and not to be even mentioned to Miss Smith. It was quite out of the question that a young lady such as she was should condescend to ask employment from old Clampitt's acquaintance.

"He's an ignorant old Harpagon," said Mr. Hawkins, who had latterly had fresh cause for discontent with Clampitt's avarice. "He doesn't understand the principles of—of— He doesn't understand any principles, in short, and wants to pare down the advertisements of Millamint. There's no greatness of view in Clampitt; none of the boldness in enterprise which has made British commerce what it is. Clampitt is like a man who should hesitate to pick up a diamond because he must let fall his handful of halfpence to do it." And Mr. Hawkins walked impatiently up and down the dining-room, glowing with the vision of how sagaciously he would scatter his thousands as the husbandman scatters his seed-corn—if he only had them.

"*Bien, bien*, Clampitt is all that you chose. Do sit down, Adolphe! You make one giddy. But all the same I shall certainly mention this chance to Miss Smith. Her few pounds won't last for ever, and what is she to do when they are gone? I presume you don't think we could keep her? Because if any such folly is fitting through your brain, *mon ami*, you had better frighten it away as soon as possible. Mr. Shad might not like to suggest the work-house if he were appealed to, but that is what he would mean—rather than spend a penny himself. And, for my part, I have my private conviction that those great friends she talks of will do nothing for her. Miss Smith may not mean to deceive (though she is not so silly and *ingénue* as you think her), but the fact is, she does not even know where her dear friends are at this moment! What is their name, Fatima? Enderby isn't it?"

"Enderby!" exclaimed Mr. Hawkins, with a start. "Good Heavens! I saw, a week or two back, in the *Morning Post* that Sir Lionel Enderby, of Enderby Court, had died suddenly in Rome."

"That is Lucy Smith's old friend. Enderby Court is the name of the place where she was almost brought up. She has been talking a great deal to me about them lately," said Fatima, clasping her hands, and turning pale. "But are you sure, Uncle Adolphe?"

"Sure that I saw the announcement? Yes. Bless my soul! It didn't strike me at the time about Miss Smith. In fact, I think I must have taken the words in with my eyes mechanically, my mind being full of other things. Dear, dear, dear!"

"Ah!" said Marie, placidly. "You see he is dead, and the family have given Miss Smith no intimation of it."

"You think she doesn't know, eh?" asked Adolphus, with a somewhat rueful and puzzled air.

"Not the least in the world. I dare say there was no such great intimacy as Miss Smith gave us to understand."

"You are wrong, Marie; indeed you are!" cried Fatima. "She is the soul of truth. I am sure of it."

"Very well; if so, that only proves that these Enderbys are behaving badly to her. Either she boasted a little, or they are unkind; that is quite clear!" returned Marie, with perfect amiability. "At any rate, you perceive the urgent necessity there is for her to do something. Adolphe, my opinion is that she will at once try what can be done with this recommendation of *le vieux* Clampitt. She is not silly. I always saw that, and even Caroline Leroux, who has taken her so much *en grippe*, cannot say that Miss Smith is silly!"

When Lucy returned from her quest, which had once more proved a vain one, Fatima met her, and, taking her by the hand, said, softly, and in a tone of deep feeling—

"I am so sorry; I have bad news to give you, dear. News that will grieve you very much."

Lucy pulled off her hat mechanically and sat down. Her thoughts had flown at once to Mildred. There alone her affections were vulnerable. She looked up at Fatima, unable to speak.

"Your old friend, Sir Lionel Enderby, dear; he is—"

Fatima paused.

"Ill?" asked Lucy, in a faint voice.

"He is dead, dear."

(To be continued)

THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION will be opened by the Duke of Edinburgh on May 1st. The buildings are finished and the grounds laid out, but the exhibits so exceed the accommodation that an additional annexe must be run up to house the French electrical collection. All preparations, however, are so well forward that the Committee hope to have the Exhibition quite complete by the opening day—unlike most of its predecessors. A Jubilee Postal Exhibition will be one of the great features, including a complete collection of all the stamps of the world, and the National Musical Section will fill an entire room.



THE OPERA.—Pending the production of Mr. Cowen's new opera, *Thorgrim*, the Carl Rosa Company at Drury Lane have been content with giving a series of performances of the works which they have already performed in the provinces. Two operas only, since we last wrote, have been added to the repertory of the present season. On Thursday, last week, *Mignon* was given, and the performance was specially interesting owing to the re-appearance of Miss Fanny Moody, a young artist who made her *début* during the last visit of the Company to London three years ago. Miss Moody has since greatly improved as a vocalist, and she has also necessarily gained far wider experience as an actress. In short, as *Mignon*, the young English soprano achieved a distinct success, particularly in the trying scene in the boudoir, in which she gave a brilliant rendering of the "Styrienne," and in the last act. Miss Fabris, on the other hand, was hardly equal to the florid music of Filina, and Mr. John Child, although a careful singer, scarcely realised the character of the dashing Wilhelm. Mr. Celli was again the Lothario, and Miss Lucille Saunders was a pretty, though not very experienced, representative of the part of Frederick.

Wallace's *Lurline*, revived on Saturday, gave audiences of to-day an idea of the English ballad operas popular thirty years ago. It should, however, in fairness be stated that even in 1860, when it was first produced, the ridiculous libretto of *Lurline* was condemned by critics like J. W. Davison and H. F. Chorley. The music, on the other hand, was then considered a great advance upon *Marianna* and *Matilda of Hungary*; although on Saturday night the ensembles which were thirty years since lauded to the skies as excellent examples of grand opera now appeared feeble enough. It was the ballads which made *Lurline* a favourite work in 1860, and it was again those melodious trifles which best pleased the pit and gallery on Saturday night. Such tunes as "Great Spirit, Hear My Prayer," "Quaff this Cup of Sparkling Wine," and "Troubadour Enchanting" are as potent now to elicit applause as they were thirty years since. The artists employed could do little to make interesting the very absurd libretto, but save as to Miss Grace Digby, whose delivery of "Troubadour Enchanting" left a great deal to be desired, the various performers, among whom were Madame Georgina Burns, Mr. Crotty, and Mr. Lely, had no difficulty in singing Wallace's simple music.

Mr. Cowen's *Thorgrim* will not be produced until next Tuesday, nor will the vocal score be ready until practically the eve of the performance. We understand, however, that the story is based upon a Norwegian legend of purely human interest, and bearing no trace of the supernatural. A fair lady is betrothed by her father's wish to a wealthy farmer, although she herself prefers a bold Viking who, thanks to deeds of great prowess, has secured the favour of his King. The first act contains the spectacle accompanying the arrival of the King and his suite, among whom, of course, is the Viking; in the second act the story is helped forward a little; while the third act is brief, and is in fact little more than a love-duet between hero and heroine. In the last act the action progresses with great rapidity. The Viking has learned that the heroine's father has decided she shall marry for hitherto the man of his choice. The tables have, indeed, been laid for the marriage banquet, and the guests have assembled, the hall being lit by dozens of torches carried by the Scandinavian followers of the master of the house. In the midst of the festivities the Viking enters at the head of his men, and carries off the bride, the legend narrating that he took her to Iceland, where he married her, and lived happily ever afterwards. Mr. Cowen has, we understand, more or less imitated the Scandinavian style in his music, although actual Norwegian melodies have only been employed in one or two instances. The opera is Mr. Cowen's most recent work, and the finishing touches were, indeed, put to it only a few weeks ago.

Until the official prospectus may be issued, we must accept with due reserve reports that M. Mayer after all contemplates a series of Italian operas at Her Majesty's Theatre, beginning next Saturday week, and supported by a company of artists, many of whom are unknown to London audiences.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Crystal Palace season will end on Saturday next week, when Mr. Manns will take his annual benefit. On Saturday last a special programme was devoted exclusively to the compositions of Wagner, arranged in the chronological order of their completion. Thus, after the *Rienzi* overture, the scene of Elizabeth's greeting from *Tannhäuser* was sung by Miss Fillunger, and was followed by the *Lohengrin* prelude. Next came Wotan's farewell and the Feuerzauber from *Die Walküre*, and the prelude and the beautiful closing scene from *Tristan*, Isolde's death-song being pathetically sung by Miss Fillunger, who bids fair to become a Wagnerian soprano of the first rank. The selection chosen from *Die Meistersinger* included the introduction to the third act, which precedes the rising of the curtain on the workshop in which Hans Sachs, seated in his armchair in early morning, sings his monologue, "Wahn Wahn." The monologue on Saturday was, however, that from the second act, and it was sung by Mr. Henschel. The *Siegfried Idyll* came next, followed by the death-march from the *Götterdämmerung*, the programme closing with the *Parsifal* prelude and the noisy *Kaisermarsch*. The audience was large, and the performance was remarkably good, great care having evidently been taken in its preparation.

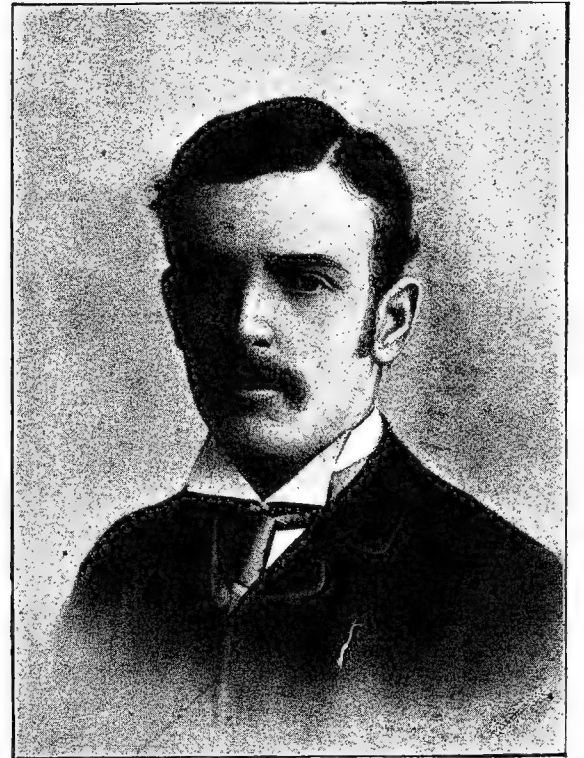
CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The regular concert season will not commence until next week, after which performances bid fair to be very numerous. We have now, however, to record a concert given on Saturday night by an amateur orchestra formed by employés of the private banks of the metropolis, the principal item of the programme being Haydn's Military Symphony.—Also, on Sunday, Mr. Bending gave one of a series of the Sunday afternoon organ recitals which have recently been started by the Council of the Royal Albert Hall.—On Wednesday the season of Young People's Orchestral Concerts commenced, under the direction of Mr. Henschel. The programme of these concerts have been framed in such a manner that the music, although classical, is not above the appreciation of young people. On Wednesday, for example, it was announced to include a Haydn Symphony, three movements from Bach's Suite in D, the *William Tell* overture, and some ballet music from one of Gluck's operas, together with songs for Mrs. Henschel. The idea is a novel, but a good one, and it deserves success.—We may add that on Friday last, at a private concert given at the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. G. A. Osborne produced a new sextet in E minor for pianoforte, wind, and strings, the pianoforte part being played by the veteran composer himself, who is now in his eighty-fourth year.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The missing composer, M. Saint-Saëns, has turned up at Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands, alive and well.—We regret to hear that the renowned conductor, Signor Faccio, who for twenty years past has been orchestral director of the Milan Scala, has been seized with a brain disease, and has consequently been confined in a *maison de santé*.—Dr. Richter has renewed his engagement at the Vienna Opera House for ten years, so that his co-operation at the Richter London Concerts during that period is assured.—Mr. Edward Lloyd, in an interview with a

New York newspaper, disclosed the fact that his eldest son, who is now studying at Leipsic, has a promising tenor voice, and that he will shortly make his London *début*.—Madame Darreño, a pianist who has gained renown in Germany, has been engaged by Mr. Daniel Mayer to give two pianoforte recitals in London next month.—Mr. Hamish McCunn has composed a choral work (a setting of Psalm viii.) for the opening of the International Exhibition at Edinburgh on May 1st.—The following is the official and final list of the candidates for the Gresham Professorship of Music—to wit: Drs. Bridge, Verrinder, C. J. Frost, C. W. Pearce, and A. H. Mann; Messrs. Armbruster, Cummings, Rockstro, Praeger, Barrett, Argent, Alfred Gilbert, William Masom, and E. H. Thorne.—Sir Arthur Sullivan has already completed one half of his new and his first serious opera, which is upon an English subject.

#### MR. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.

THE newly-returned member for the Carnarvon Boroughs is a very young man, having been born in Manchester in 1863. His father, a schoolmaster, died when he was quite a child, and he was thereupon placed in the charge of a relative. He was educated at the National School in Llanyetumdwy, and was then articled to Messrs. Preece, Jones, and Carron, solicitors, of Portmadoc. In 1884 he passed his final examination with honours, and then, with a



MR. LLOYD GEORGE (G)  
The New M.P. for Carnarvon Boroughs

younger brother, set up for himself in Criccieth, where he is said to have established the best solicitor's business in that part of Wales. Mr. George is a member of the Baptist Church, and has for some years been an earnest lecturer on temperance. He is a Gladstonian, and, as the late member, Mr. Swetenham, Q.C., was a Conservative, his return makes a gain to the Opposition equivalent to two votes on a division.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lock and Whitfield, 178, Regent Street, London.

#### MR. MADOX BROWN'S PICTURES.

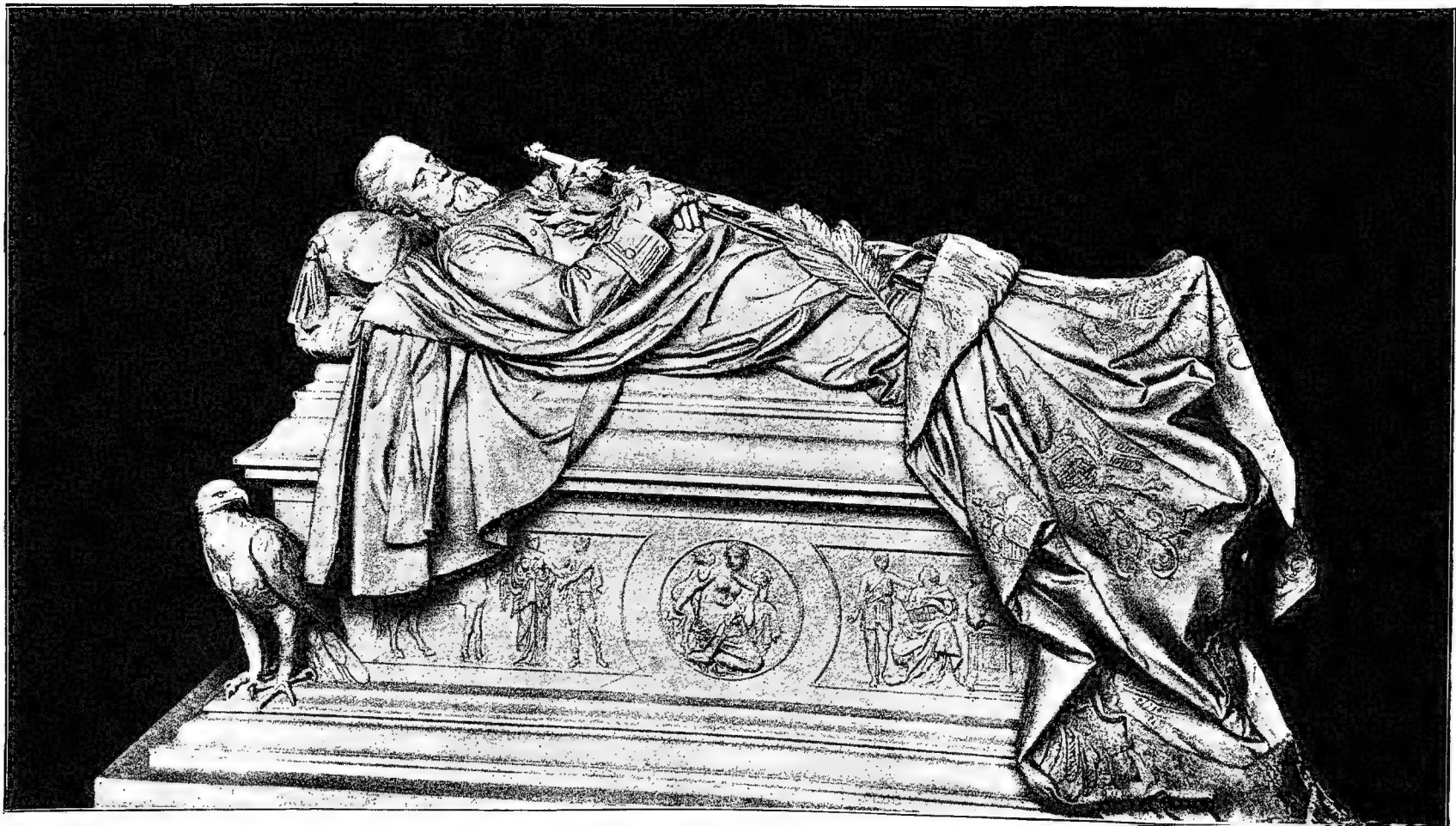
As more than twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Ford Madox Brown has exhibited anything in London, the few examples of his work now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery will be regarded with much curiosity and interest. The most important of them is the last completed of the series of twelve panels with which he is decorating the Town Hall in Manchester. It represents John Kay, the inventor of the Fly-Shuttle, being saved by his wife from the vengeance of the weavers who have been thrown out of work. As the infuriated rioters are breaking through the window of his workshop, the inventor, concealed by a woollen sheet, is being conveyed by his wife and two workmen to a cart standing in a back yard. The picture resembles the work of the pre-Raphaelite School, of which Mr. Brown was one of the founders, only in its obvious sincerity of purpose. It is deficient in many of the pictorial qualities that are deemed essential to decorative Art, but as a vivid realisation of dramatic incident it is very remarkable. The earnest affection of the man, the anxiety of his wife, and the consternation and fear of the two little girls, are most truthfully expressed. The other works exhibited are a half-length portrait of the artist—not of recent date—and small replicas of four of his earlier decorative panels. Of these "The Trial of Wyclif," in Old St. Paul's, is the most interesting. They all show distinct originality and great inventive power, together, in some instances, with a tendency to exaggeration and grotesqueness.

"NIAGARA IN LONDON" has proved such a remarkable success that Mr. Hollingshead has commissioned the artist, M. Philip-poteaux, to execute a series of pictures of similar design, but on a much smaller scale, to be entitled "America in London." The first of these pictures was privately exhibited on the 11th instant, and being dexterously constructed, like the gigantic "Niagara," of a foreground of real objects with a background of painting, it conveys the same remarkable sense of actuality. The spectator does not seem to be looking at a mere picture; he feels rather that he is gazing through an open window on the scenery of a Southern cotton-plantation. He sees the negroes at work, a wagon with oxen, and in the distance the broad Mississippi River, bearing on its bosom one of the typical American steamboats. As for "Niagara," judging from the crowded condition of the platform, it remains as popular as ever; and those who have as yet failed to see it should certainly repair the omission. As observed above concerning the smaller picture, the great panorama conveys a wonderful impression of reality; the combination of "building up" and painting is so cleverly managed that it is difficult to detect the tell-tale "join;" and the only item of genuineness which is lacking is the multitudinous roar of the waters, which to some ears may perhaps be rather an advantage.





"QUEEN MARY"  
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR ANTONIO MORE AT THE TUDOR EXHIBITION



MEMORIAL TO THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK IN THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG  
EXECUTED BY PROFESSOR REINHOLD VEGAS





AN eminently readable and pleasant book is "Yankee Girls in Zulu Land" (Trübner), by Louise Vescelius-Sheldon, of which a new and popular edition is now published. It is illustrated with the most charming little woodcuts, by G. E. Graves, after sketches from life by E. J. Austen. Bright, lively, gossiping, as it is with this volume in his hands the reader may be sure of spending a lazy half-hour pleasantly. In their journeyings from the South African Dan to Beersheba, the Yankee Girls seem to have been most delighted with Potchefstroom in the Transvaal. There, a thousand miles from Cape Town, they were obliged to confess that they had reached the prettiest village in the country. The town itself, it would appear, is like a large orchard, so abundant are the fruit-trees. Every street is a boulevard of orange and peach-trees, which have grown side by side. The very hedgerows are figs and quinces, while everywhere may be seen grape-vines, lemons, shaddocks, and bananas. Between the sidewalk and the street is a well-kept grass-plot, with a stream of clear water running in the midst of it, a veritable rarity in South Africa. Altogether, both by letterpress and picture, "Yankee Girls" convey a very agreeable impression of the Southern portion of the "Dark Continent."

Mr. Fisher Unwin has published a work, remarkable in its way, "Adventures of a Younger Son," by Edward John Trelawny, prefaced by an introduction from the pen of Mr. Edward Garnett, and provided with seven illustrations, four of which are of the author himself. For those who may be puzzled for a moment as to the identity of the writer, it may be well to mention that this is the Trelawny of the "Recollections of Shelley and Byron;" who drew their characters in sharp and faithful outline. The present is the fifth English edition of the work, while the book was reprinted in New York in 1834. Among the list of Dumas' writings will be found a translation of the "Younger Son" under the title of "Un Cadet de Famille." We have here a combination of fiction and fact, a romance—but a romance which embodied what its author would like to be thought to have been and to have done. As Mr. Garnett says, "The Younger Son" is an excellent stage hero by the finish; he meets and overcomes all odds: it is truly a glorious Trelawny, the Trelawny of his own imagination. Many persons will be grateful to Mr. Unwin for not allowing his Trelawny to die.

"A Late Secretary of Legation to the Court of St. James's," &c., gives us "Nocturnal London" (S. E. Stanesby). Curiously enough, he starts on his tour of investigation from the Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, which he regards as a study and centre of life at night, and full of attraction for the foreign philosopher and artist. There is some sound sense in the book, as in the following advice to strangers to the metropolis:—"When to come to London? Ah! my good reader, if you are only bent on pleasure, get to the capital of the world just as the leaves begin to clothe the long, ugly nakedness of the trees; when the sun sets so late and rises so early, that you would think night was banished as a thing of old; when coals are no longer needed except for kitchen-fires; when houses are newly painted, and fogs and soot are gone with the winter; when wealth, beauty, rank, and Art take London by storm." This gentleman's Latin and French are alike of dubious quality. He tells us that he is "somewhat of an *ave nocturna*, or night-bird;" while, though plainly fond of his modern linguistic acquirements, he says "*Au revoir*." However, he is fairly amusing, and quite good-natured.

"Niagara Spray" (Chatto and Windus), by Mr. John Hollingshead, has also more or less to do with London by night. The author writes with much *verve* and vigour, and evidently understands thoroughly the subjects of which he treats. As this shilling volume is broken up into short, disconnected sketches, it may be taken up and read by sections. Its subjects are sufficiently indicated by the following headings: "The Gaiety Français," "Music-Hall History," "Titans of Leicester Square," "The Top of the Gay-Market." Mr. Hollingshead does not approach the question of popular amusement and revelry in the same spirit as Mr. Macdougall.

A volume of more than merely local interest is Mr. George Byng Gattie's "Memorials of the Goodwin Sands and their Surroundings, Legendary and Historical" (W. H. Allen). The very name, "The Goodwins!" has come to have a world-wide significance, mysteriously suggestive, like that of the Norwegian "Maelstrom," of death and destruction in connection with disasters at sea. Mr. Gattie gives us a sketch, which embraces the history, legendary as well as accredited, of a singular region which for centuries has been only too celebrated as the most dangerous spot on the British coasts. He deals historically with the Sands, and with the remarkable events of which their immediate surroundings have so often been the theatre during the last eight hundred years. He has elucidated his text with valuable charts and illustrations. The extreme length of the Goodwin Sands, measuring from the three-fathom level at the North Sand Head to the same level at the South Sand Head, is 17,980 yards, or nearly ten miles and a quarter, and their extreme breadth from the Bunt Head to the Barrier Edge is 7,667 yards, or rather more than four miles and a quarter. The extent of the portion of the bank which is left dry, in certain places, at low water, is altogether 12,364 yards long, and 6,532 yards broad; that is to say, about seven miles long, by about three and a-half wide. Indeed, in this neat volume we have the whole story of the Sands told clearly, accurately, and interestingly.

Miss Anne Ogden Boyce introduces us to an attractive, yet quiet, middle-class life of a not very remote past in "Records of a Quaker Family: The Richardsons of Cleveland" (Samuel Harris). It contains portraits of Isabel Casson, Jonathan Priestman, and John Richardson Procter, also nine genealogical tables, and an index to the marriages. These "Records" shed light on the private life of more than one distinguished person. John Bright married Elizabeth Priestman. We are told that when brought into contact with her family, John Bright's bluntness and distinctness of speech stood out in marked contrast, but his manly honesty and uprightness were at once recognised, and it soon became evident that he would win the prize which, in 1838, he came to seek at Newcastle. The manufacturing districts were a little-known part of England, and it then seemed a long way from Newcastle to Rochdale, and North Country friends felt that a precious possession was about to be carried away. "Who is this young man Bright whom Elizabeth Priestman is going to marry?" one of them asked, in anxious tones, of a Lancashire Friend. "A very popular young man, very much thought of by our working-people," are the only words of the answer now remembered. "Although fifty years," says the author, "have passed since that day, the writer well remembers the frank, bold tones in which the young man said, 'Friends, I intend to take Elizabeth Priestman to be my wife, if the Lord permit,'" and the soft, clear accents which followed, 'Friends, I intend to take John Bright to be my husband, if the Lord permit.'"

Some practical instruction-books from Messrs. Hachette will be useful to the student of foreign languages. For younger learners, M. Malvin has gathered together a capital collection of short easy verses in "The First French Reciter," choosing subjects most likely to interest children, while careful to cull from the best authors. Equally well-chosen are the illustrations of modern French prose in

three reading-books. These include the vivid description of a familiar historical period, "Edouard III. et les Bourgeois de Calais," extracted by the Rev. A. C. Clapin from M. Guizot's work; George Sand's idyl of peasant life, "La Mare au Diable," edited by J. F. Davis; and the exciting episode of the miners' imprisonment from Hector Malot's charming "Sans Famille," edited by M. A. Dupuis as "Sous Terre." A German Reader, on the same principle, introduces a less familiar author, Professor Riehl, whose stirring historical tales of the olden days deserve to be better known in England. His "Kulturgeschichtliche Novellen," selected by Mr. J. F. Davis, will tempt students to search further into Professor Riehl's works. Accompanied by vocabularies and explanatory notes, these books are valuable alike for home and school teaching. Many boys, however, need to know more than the purely classical side of a language, so that those anticipating a business career may well study "The Elements of French Commercial Correspondence," by G. Korts—a very practical manual. And, although Spanish is less needed than French for general use, there is plenty of room for a good, simplified grammar of the Castilian tongue, such as Mr. W. F. Harvey provides in "The Spanish Language" (Trübner).

A valuable work is "Egypt as a Winter Resort" (Kegan Paul), by Mr. F. M. Sandwith, F.R.G.S., formerly Vice-Director of the Sanitary Department of Egypt. Nothing of the sort in the form of a handbook for the guidance of invalids has appeared since 1867. The climate remains the same, but many of the surroundings are changed and improved, so that patients need no longer fear absence of civilisation or undue expense. The climate of Egypt is, according to Mr. Sandwith, suitable during the winter months for a great variety of chronic ailments, among which may be mentioned convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, and all acute diseases, that common delicacy of English youth which may be called "threatened phthisis," all cases of early phthisis, and a long list of other sicknesses. At the same time, Mr. Sandwith's opinion is that all cases of very advanced or rapidly-advancing phthisis of both lungs would be better at or near home, unless the patients themselves express a decided preference for ending their days in a distant land. This little book is otherwise full of useful information to the intending traveller.

Mr. T. E. Kebbel, M.A., has added a very useful volume to Messrs. W. H. Allen's "Statesmen Series" in the "Life of the Earl of Derby, K.G." He presents us with a fairly vivid picture of the late Tory statesman, showing clearly what manner of man he was. He has been much aided in his task through receiving political information of considerable interest from those who acted with Lord Derby. He is, moreover, particularly indebted to Admiral Wyndham Hornby, who lived with Lord Derby nearly thirty years on terms of the closest intimacy, for numerous anecdotes of his conduct and his habits in private life, which, even when he has not been permitted to repeat them, have coloured his general estimate of his hero's character.

In the same publishing firm's "Eminent Women Series," edited by Mr. John H. Ingram, "Susanna Wesley," by Miss Eliza Clarke, has received the honours of a new edition. The mother of John Wesley, the founder, and of Charles Wesley, the poet of Methodism, must always be a personality of attraction for a large portion of our community. Miss Clarke claims for this memoir that it differs from previous ones with the same subject in not being written from a sectarian, or even from an eminently religious, point of view. More of general interest about Mrs. Wesley ought to have been preserved, and, Miss Clarke writes, "She was nothing if not religious; but she was a lady of ancient lineage, a woman of intellect, a keen politician; and, had her ordinary correspondence been preserved, it would have given us an insight into the life of the period which would have been full of deep and world-wide interest."

We have also before us a new edition of Mr. John T. Nettleship's "Robert Browning: Essays and Thoughts" (Elkin Matthews). Somewhat less than half this book was written and published more than twenty years ago, and the remainder at various dates from 1882 to the present time. The book is not, therefore, in the ordinary sense, a continuous whole. The writer informs us that as such essay or thought when written was a genuine outcome of Browning-study, they are all left without alteration so far as essential idea is concerned. There can be no question but this volume appeals to all lovers of Browning's work, and that it may be read with benefit by all who desire to know and understand him.

Another addition to the same literature is Mr. Edward Berdoe's "Browning's Message to His Time: His Religion, Philosophy, and Science" (Swan Sonnenschein). Mr. Berdoe admits that it would be idle to maintain that Browning presents no difficulties to his readers, but he observes that it is still more idle to affirm, as some do, that he is perfectly obscure. "Browning does require study, but he will repay it abundantly, which is a great deal more than can be said of many things which occupy intelligent minds." No Church can label him, or pack him away in its cabinet; but for all that his works bear abundant testimony that the great doctrines of the Christian faith were heartily accepted by him, and accepted upon grounds which seem to many to be more satisfactory than those on which they are generally presented by theologians.

"The People's Dictionary of English Law," by A. Wood Renton, M.A., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law (Hodder and Stoughton). This little work is not an attempt to make every man his own lawyer, but is what it professes to be, a dictionary with all the headings arranged in alphabetical order, and with copious illustrations from decided cases on every subject that the most litigious person can want to go to law about. At first sight it would seem as if lawyers were cutting their own throats by publishing these little handbooks, but it may be that these volumes are but snares, and that many an otherwise blameless man, after studying them, has become so convinced of the justice of some fancied grievance, and of the simplicity of the law, that he has rushed incontinent into court, to his own undoing and the lawyer's gain. However, the book before us is a model of conciseness and clearness, and if it acts as arbitrator between two snarling neighbours its author will not have deserved ill of his fellow-men.

We have also received "The Book of Modern Conjuring" (Upcott Gill), by Professor R. Kunard, containing 133 illustrations; also, published by Messrs. Samuel Bagster and Sons, "The Old Documents and the New Bible: An Easy Lesson for the People in Biblical Criticism," by J. Paterson Smyth, LL.B., B.D., of Trinity College, Dublin; also, selected from all quarters and classified by W. H. Howe, "Everybody's Book of Proverbs and Quotations" (Howe and Co.); Captain T. Youngusband's "Polo in India" (W. H. Allen); and the second edition by Mr. A. W. Chaster of "Wertheimer's Law Relating to Clubs" (Stevens and Haynes).

BALLOON ASCENTS have greatly taken the fancy of the natives in India since English aeronauts showed them the way. At Calcutta, on Saturday, a native ventured on a parachute descent, and was most successful, much to the delight of his fellow-countrymen.

THE SUCCESS OF THE FORTH BRIDGE has roused Canadian engineers to emulation. Two big bridges over the St. Lawrence are being planned, one at Quebec, the other at Montreal, the latter being intended for passengers and vehicles as well as railway traffic. The Montreal Bridge would be two miles long.

## MR. GOSCHEN

LOOKING at Mr. Goschen, with his active movements, his unseamed face, and his abundant hair, it is difficult to realise the fact that he was born fifty-nine years ago. His father was a London merchant of German extraction. But Mr. Goschen, born in the metropolis, is by education and associations an Englishman. He was at Rugby under Dr. Tait, and ran a promising career at Oriel. After leaving Oxford, he followed in his father's steps and became a merchant, a member of the firm of Fröhling and Goschen, of Austin Friars. While still a young man, he was returned as Liberal member for the City of London, and took a useful part in the discussion then going on, which resulted in the abolition of religious tests. In spite of a somewhat nervous manner, he at once made his mark in the House of Commons as a debater, and when in 1865, the City of London being at that time impregnated with Liberal principles, he was returned at the head of the poll, Earl Russell offered him a place in the Government. He was nominated to an office which Mr. Gladstone had entered upon nearly a quarter of a century earlier, that of Vice-President of the Board of Trade.

Mr. Gladstone early recognised in the young member for the City a coming Chancellor of the Exchequer, and when, in 1868, he himself became Premier, he advanced Mr. Goschen to the Presidency of the Board of Trade, with a seat in the Cabinet. This was an office for which Mr. Goschen's training and abilities were specially suited. But he was an all-round man, of the kind that successful Ministers are made of, and when, in 1871, there was a vacancy at the Admiralty, he went there as First Lord. In 1874, when Mr. Gladstone's memorable *coup* of dissolving Parliament brought Mr. Goschen again face to face with the electors of the City of London, he found things considerably altered. In 1865 he, standing as a Liberal, was returned at the head of the poll. In 1874, still wearing the Liberal colours, he just managed to get in at the bottom of the poll, some 1,500 votes behind Mr. Hubbard, the third on the Tory list. With the termination of this engagement Mr. Goschen's long connection with the electors of the City of London ceased. About this time the question of the County Franchise began to come to the front. Mr. Goschen's Liberalism, above suspicion on all other points, lapsed into heterodoxy on this particular question. It was one upon which he agreed rather with his old colleague Mr. Lowe than with his old leader Mr. Gladstone.

On the 29th of June, 1877, Sir George (then Mr.) Trevelyan made his annual motion declaring in favour of Uniform Parliamentary Franchise for Borough and County constituencies. Year after year Mr. Trevelyan had pegged away at this question. Now it was a burning one. The House was crowded, and men's votes were eagerly scanned. Lord Hartington, rising at a late hour, evoked much enthusiasm on the Liberal benches by declaring his intention of voting for the resolution. Mr. Goschen had, speaking amid continuous cheers from the Conservatives, expressed his belief that "the phase which the question had reached made reticence unpatriotic." Therefore he declared against the resolution, and presently walked out shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Lowe to vote with the Conservative minority. In the following year he issued an address to the Liberal Electors of the City of London, admitting that his views on this question were not in unison with those of the party, and that therefore he should not feel at liberty to present himself as a candidate at the forthcoming election.

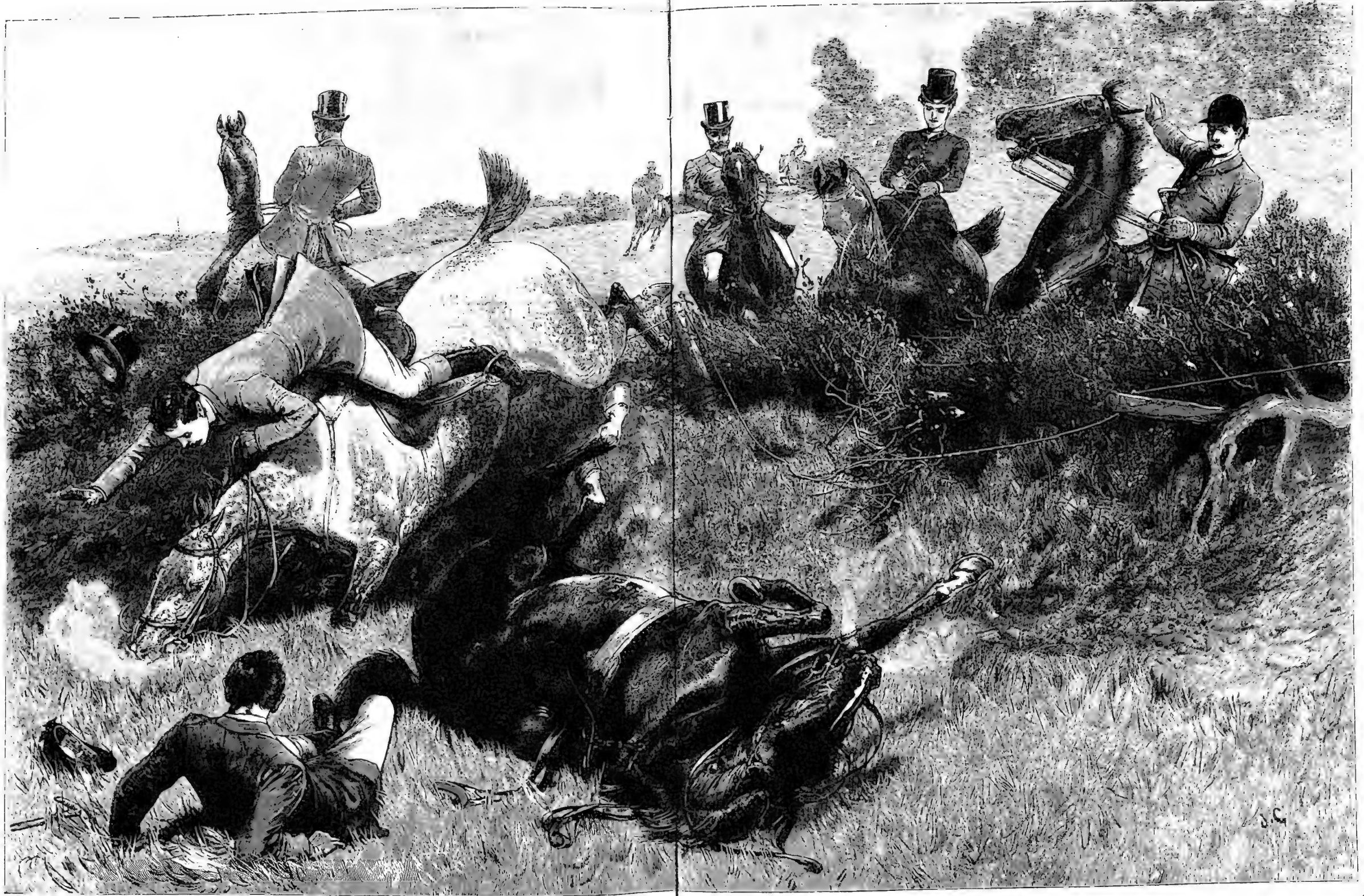
In 1880 he found a refuge at Ripon, a quiet city, where enthusiasm for the enfranchisement of the agricultural labourer was not regarded as necessarily insuperable to the acceptance of a Liberal candidate. Mr. Gladstone had been returned to power at the head of an overwhelming majority, and the assimilation of the Borough and County Franchise was a broad plank in the Ministerial platform. Mr. Goschen was, therefore, unable to accept office with a party from which at that time he had shown no desire or intention of separating himself. Mr. Gladstone, anxious to secure the benefit of his co-operation apart from home politics, nominated him Ambassador Extraordinary at Constantinople. He there took a prominent part in the Conference which closed a great gap in the ever-yawning Eastern Question, by finally settling the Greek Frontier. A mission of another kind, at an earlier date, was undertaken in company with M. Joubert, when, as joint-Delegate of the British and French Holders of Egyptian Bonds, Mr. Goschen went to Cairo, and settled an agreement for the re-organisation of the finances and public debt of Egypt.

In 1885 Mr. Goschen began to find himself drifting from Mr. Gladstone and the great bulk of the Liberal party on a question more exciting, if not more vital, than that of the County Franchise. He declared against the Home Rule Scheme, and after a period of hesitation finally marched into the Conservative camp, where he was welcomed as a great accession of strength, both as a debater and as a financier. On Lord Randolph Churchill's retirement from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, at Christmas, 1886, Mr. Goschen succeeded to the office, which he now holds. As a financier, Mr. Goschen was brought up in the school of Mr. Gladstone, who always regarded him as one of his most promising pupils, and most useful coadjutors. As a debater he has continuously improved through recent years, and in this respect is second to none on the Treasury Bench, where he now sits. HENRY W. LUCY

SUNDRIES.—Mr. James Kinnear has lately completed a fine etching from his own picture of "Melrose and the Valley of the Tweed from Below Gattonside," showing the famous Abbey, with Abbotsford and the mountains in the background. The various effects of cloud, wood, and water are reproduced in masterly style, and the etching forms an interesting record of a tract of country famous in song and story.—Messrs. Brumby and Clarke send us, from the painting by Mr. B. Hulson, of Hull, a chromo-lithograph of Mr. Gladstone, which is a good specimen of this class of work.—"The Polytechnic Series Technical Scales" (Cassells) will be found useful.—Vere Foster's "Drawing Copy-Books" (Blackie and Son) are so well-known, that we need say no more than that a new edition has been issued.—"The Mnemonic Time Charts of English History," by David Ross (Stanford), show at a glance the principal events in their true chronological relation with one another.—To the list of monthly artistic publications must be added the "Art Decorator" (Electrotype Company), which contains some admirable reproductions in colour of new designs, and "Sporting Celebrities," each containing two portraits and biographies of well-known sportsmen or athletes; while we must also note that "Artistic Japan" continues to bring before us the achievements of that wonderful people in every department of Art.—We cannot speak quite so highly of "Costumes of the Modern Stage" (J. C. Nimmo), the hand-tinted plates being marred by somewhat too garish colouring.—To turn to quite a different subject, the series of photographs showing the correct positions to be assumed in "Scientific Boxing" (London Stereoscopic Company) will be found useful by those who wish to learn "the noble art."—From Messrs. Marlborough and Gould we have received one of their "Marlborough" Pamphlet Cases, suitable for holding this and other journals, pamphlets, &c. It seems excellently adapted to its purpose.

A PRODUCTIVE BRITISH INDUSTRY is threatened by the competition of Chinese cheap labour. Quantities of straw plait for bonnets and hats are now sent over from China, instead of being made exclusively at Luton and Dunstable as hitherto.





"WARE WIRE!"—AN INCIDENT IN THE HUNTING FIELD  
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



## THE GRAPHIC

## MISCELLANEOUS STORIES

THE cheap sensational literature now poured forth in such profusion does not furnish many grains of wheat amid the bushels of chaff. Excitement is considered more needful than literary finish; and murder, madness, and jealousy are the prevailing themes. For instance, all three are combined in the extravagant episode of artist-life in St. Petersburg, "Mad Love" (Spencer Blackett and Hallam), translated from the Russian of Vsevolod Garshin, the chief characters being killed off in the most wholesale fashion, like the actors in the ancient tragedies. Sometimes, as in "The Celebrated Janet Homfrey" (Gardner), by Percy Fendall, the heroine is a murderess, driven to desperation by family wrongs, and escaping the due penalty in a highly improbable manner. Or, as in "The Sandycroft Mystery" (Chatto and Windus), by T. W. Speight, the true author of the crime is neatly hidden from the reader, and the blame laid on the wrong shoulders. Mr. Speight keeps his secret well, but his hero is too self-sacrificing for reality.—The supernatural comes into play for the detection of crime in "A Charge from the Grave" (Ward and Downey), by Somerville Gibson, where the avenging shadow of a dead father leads the hero to unravel the mystery, and proves a much more respectable apparition than the counterfeit of "The Ghost of Pussy" (Hutchinson), whose object is to mask the dark doings of a gang of forgers. The general tone of vulgarity and the rapid conversation of the characters, do not render Captain G. Figh-ton's ghost-story very attractive.—Three further volumes belong to the class of semi-scientific novels. Thus Mr. Henry Harland, in "Two Women or One" (Cassell), provides an interesting brief psychological study, describing the effect of a medical experiment which totally changes the nature of the heroine; while Mr. C. J. Wills, by an equally ingenious contrivance, converts his hero, "The Great Dorémi" (Gardner), from a humble singer into a phenomenal basso. The latter story is an enlarged version of a short tale Mr. Wills once contributed to the *Cornhill*, and will certainly amuse the reader.—For a thrilling romance, however, Mr. W. Grove carries off the palm by his picture of "The Wreck of the World" (Digby and Long), antedated some fifty years hence, when the progress of engineering and inventions in general shall have turned the whole universe upside down. According to Mr. Grove's predictions, machinery will get the mastery over man, if brought to the highest degree of perfection, and he works out his theory in very exciting style.

After these wild improbabilities, Mr. John Law's sketches of life among the poor strike a sombre note, and reach a higher standard of writing. Whether he tells of the ignorant East-End, "A City Girl," or the struggling widow, "A Manchester Shirt-Maker" (Authors' Co-Operative Publishing Company), his subject is much the same—the hardships and the daily strife for existence which continue unceasingly in all our great cities, and the misery of the children. These stories are painfully realistic, but none the less true to nature, and there is genuine pathos in the tragedy of the young widow whose failures to find work drive her to murder and insanity.—A happier fate befalls the tenants of "The Old Corner Shop" (same publisher), though they, too, are Manchester poor, while, further, Mr. A. Story adds the excitement of a ghost to the inevitable murder.—Yet another lunatic is to the fore in "Muriel Grey," by "M. M. D." (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), but here the interest centres in the devoted daughter, who tends her mad father in a remote country spot, and defends him from a most unnatural wife. A companion view of filial devotion appears in "By the World Forgot" (Warne), by E. J. Clayden, wherein the self-sacrificing daughter suffers much from scandal and mischief-making till she springs into fame as a brilliant authoress. It is a rather a pretty little tale, however, and superior to the final love-episodes of this group, "Olga Casson" (Laurie), by G. E. Velmi, and "Bound by Love" (Arrowsmith), by "E. V. D." which possess no particular interest. Another short story, "Jessie and May" (Griffith, Farran), by "E. P.," seems to have strayed out of the juvenile library, being a solemn illustration of the evils of disobedience in youth.—Probably those versed in Stock Exchange operations and slang will appreciate "Lost in a Bucket Shop" (Field and Tuer), by C. J. Scotter; while Mr. A. P. Allen's brisk essays on commercial travellers, "The Ambassadors of Commerce" (A. P. Allen), also appeals to a special class rather than to the general public. After all, the reprints are the cream of this cheap literature, such as the four fresh volumes of "Tales from Blackwood" (Blackwood); the sixpenny edition of Kingsley's "Two Years Ago" (Macmillan), or the late W. H. G. Kingston's "Three Midshipmen" (Griffith and Farran).

## CRUSTACEAN Dainties—ABOUT CRABS

To the naturalist the crab offers a fascinating study: there are many varieties, curious in shape and wonderfully marked, such as the arch-pointed swimming crab, the marbled swimming crab, the pea crab, the cleanser swimming crab, the angular crab, the circular crab, the masked crab, the fiddler crab, and the curious hermit crab, so often sought for, and so much prized by amateur naturalists. The common edible crab—*Cancer pagurus*—known in Scotland as "the partan," was at one time wonderfully abundant and exceedingly cheap, but of late years it has become—speaking comparatively—scarce and dear, although, during the year 1889, not less than 8,164,271 were captured in the United Kingdom, over two and a-half millions of that number being got in Scotland.

Crustaceans occasionally attain very large dimensions—"The Claimant," purchased in a Fleet Street shell-fish shop three or four years since by the writer, weighed nearly nine pounds, and, as the name bestowed signifies, was of gigantic dimensions; it was reputed to have been captured off the coast of Cornwall, where big crabs are sometimes got. Such large examples of the family are, however, becoming less plentiful than they used to be, and it was elicited in the course of an inquiry held a few years ago that crabs were becoming scarcer and scarcer year by year in consequence of the persistent over-fishing to which they were subjected. On various places of the Scottish coast there are old fishermen who do little else than catch crabs. Scottish "partans" are famed for the "meat" with which they are well filled, and which is thought to be finer in flavour than the "meat" of crabs caught on other coasts. The investigation referred to brought out the fact that the supply of these shell fish had fallen about fifty per cent., whilst the size of the crustacean had decreased in a still greater ratio.

In former times no restrictions were placed upon crab-catchers: they caught their prey when they pleased, how they pleased, and where they pleased—with, however, the result indicated; namely, a falling-off alike in size and numbers, which was found to be so great as to call at once for a protective Act of Parliament. "Many a man made a good thing of it" in the palmy days of crab and lobster-fishing on the rock-bound shores of "dear old Scotland." It was a man who bore the nickname (in Scotland fishermen are best known by their nicknames, which are universal in all fishing communities) of "Grandfather Beaky," who began what became known as "the small crab" trade. He entered into communication with dealers in England, who asked him to forward crabs which could be retailed at about fourpence each, as there were three or four persons who could give that sum for a crab for each one willing to pay eightpence or a shilling. On that hint "Grandfather" acted, and prospered till others also began to capture the smaller sizes. For big crabs there was at all times a demand by London dealers, any quantity of such finding ready sale. The late Mr. Saunders, of Lower Thames Street, who confined his business to shell-fish, always found a ready

market for the largest examples. On being questioned by the writer during one of his earlier visits to Billingsgate, this is what he said about the trade in these crustaceans:—"The demand for lobsters, and crabs as well, is enormous, and is constantly becoming more and more so. I feel quite sure I do not in the least exaggerate when I say that, in this great city, more than two millions of these big shell-fish will be eaten every year. As many as five-and-twenty thousand lobsters have come to this market in the course of one day; and, as for the smaller fry, they are sent here in myriads. We send away loads of them, of course, to other places. The inhabitants of big towns all feast on these crustaceans—people, in fact, never get enough of them."

It is the same to-day: the demand goes on; and, considering the constant increase of the machinery of capture, it is somewhat remarkable that the supplies continue to hold out as they do.

Before dismissing the crab, it may be stated that these animals are so far migratory that they remove on occasion from the rocky parts of the coast to deeper water; crabs have again and again been taken far, far at sea, and appear to be fast travellers, so much so that it is difficult at times to follow the movements of their legs. It is curious, too, in connection with their migratory habits, that "crab walks," which at one season of the year are unusually populous, are found at another time to be deserted, of which fact there is no lack of evidence. Crabs are reputed to be excellent weather prophets; when a storm is imminent they lie close, and are never seen moving about in their usual haunts. When the weather is hot, good hauls of crabs are often obtained; they also take well in clear water at night. There has been much controversy as to the food of crabs, and it has been said that immediately after throwing off their shells they eat them, just as deer are reputed to eat their horns. Mr. *Cancer pagurus* is known to be rather particular about what he eats; he will not, it is said by persons who have observed the animal, eat foul food of any description, being in this respect a great contrast to that highly-esteemed member of the crustacean family the lobster, which revels in food that is "high," which some animals would certainly not eat. A late eminent naturalist and fishery economist astonished some of his lady friends one day at dinner by declaring the lobster to be "a dirty brute." That the crab cannot possibly be exterminated has been said again and again, and Mr. Buckland was of the same opinion, maintaining that an animal which was capable of reproducing its kind in thousands was "ill to kill off" but other shell-fish are known to be abundantly prolific, and yet to have become gradually less plentiful; the seed of one oyster is, it has been said, sufficient to sow an acre of ground, and yet these delicious bivalves are so scarce that they cost threepence each.

Much has been said and written about the boiling of crabs and lobsters, and many persons have counselled humanity in dealing with all our crustaceans. It is said that, to prevent lobsters from throwing off their claws, which, of course, would render these animals much less valuable, it is necessary to place them in cold water, which is gradually brought to the boiling point, before which the animal of course dies. Some lobster boilers now kill their crustaceans before boiling them by running a skewer or needle into a vital part of their body. Shrimps also are boiled alive, sustaining in the process "a direful instant of dreadful anguish"—they are placed in nets and at once plunged into a caldron that is most fiercely boiling. It is very desirable that some more humane way of dealing with our larger crustaceans may be devised, than that still prevalent despite the efforts of the Baroness Burdett Coutts and others to have it changed.

J. G. B.



MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—The latest volume of "School Cantatas and Operettas" is "The Wood Witch," adapted from the German to English by A. J. Foxwell, and set to music by Th. Forchhammer. Both words and music will greatly please the young folks. The plan upon which this cantata is arranged is to connect the songs and choruses with recitations. The story is of a naughty little peasant girl who runs away from home, at the instigation of a wicked old witch; the moral of the tale is excellent, and all ends happily. For a breaking up at school or college, this well-written cantata will prove very appropriate.—For our tiny mites we have Saltaire's "Action Songs," which will afford them endless amusement; these twenty-four original songs are set to familiar airs, with easy pianoforte accompaniments, by Lois Bates; they are on the Kindergarten system; each song is intended to illustrate some special occupation, and the actions are suited to the word.

WALTER WHITTINGHAM.—"A Heart of Gold," words by Clifton Bingham, music by Arthur Whitley, is a sentimental love ditty of an ordinary type.—J. E. Newell has transcribed for the pianoforte "O Rest in the Lord" (*Elijah*), with variations, a great mistake in our opinion; he has done the same by "Thy Will Be Done," "Scotia's Evergreens," nine standard Scotch melodies for violin and piano, by Hugh Brandon, will find favour with all who are admirers of "pieces with real tunes in them," such for example as "Scots Wha Hae," "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," "Bonnie Dundee," and others equally popular.—Two pianoforte pieces suitable for after-dinner execution are:—"Souvenir de Naples," *tarentelle*, by A. Montour, and "The Autumn Queen."—Two graceful little pieces for the pianoforte by W. Smallwood are, "The Rippling Lake," a barcarole, and "The Children's Fête," No. I. of "Sylvan Scenes."—No. I. of "Six Morceaux de Salon," "Lillie's Birthday," by Henri Leclair, is a simple *morceau* for youthful fingers.—"The Eiffel Tower (First Set) Quadrilles," by Tito Mattei, are spirited and dance-provoking.

MESSRS. MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.—Tom Moore's racy little poem, "Love's Island," has been tastefully set to music by Henry Lake.—Two very pleasing songs of the tender passion are, "That Was All," words by C. M'Cune, music by G. Laurens; and "Thy Shrine," written and composed by Vernon Stuart and Stanislaus Elliot.—There is a ring of true pathos in "The Warrior's Return," words by Smedley Norton, music by Josef Trousselle.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—A song which will take, and keep, a good place in the musical ranks, is "Crossing the Bar," words by Lord Tennyson, music by Alfred Cellier.—By the above-named composer is a collection of "Six Songs," words by B. C. Stephenson. All are fairly good, but, as is generally the case in these groups by one composer, there is a sameness in them. Best of the set are "All are Deceivers" and "Song of the Lute."—Two sacred songs which will prove acceptable in the home circle are, "Where the Wicked Cease from Troubling," words from Holy Writ, music by H. Parker, with accompaniment for violoncello or violin (*ad lib.*), and a devotional setting of the Rev. S. J. Stone's beautiful words "Weary of Earth," by J. M. Coward.—Appropriate for the present season is "Primrose-Time," written and composed by Florence Tyler and A. Healey Foster.

JAMES BROWN.—"Come Back to Me," words and music by Susan Martyn, is a plaintive, but feeble, ballad of the period, the depressing effect of which may be counteracted by a vigorous song for a baritone, "Sing Ho! for the Life of a Sailor," words by Alan Reid, F.E.T.S., music by G. W. Lingard, Mus. Bac.—Both words, by A. Capel Shaw, and music, by J. Newsome, of "Somewhere" are

out of the common groove of ballads of the day, and make a favourable impression wherever they are heard.—Precisely the same may be said of "A Day to Be," words by Lindsay Lennox, music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.—A cheerful *morceau de salon* is "Ronde Militaire" for the piano, by A. Loeschorn.

## STE. GÉNÉVIEVE OF PARIS

WAS ever poor patron lady subjected to such treatment as Ste. Gèneviève? At once so flattered and scorned, worshipped, and neglected? At this moment, in the whole of Paris, her own city, there is not a single church that bears her name!

It is only when things go smoothly, however, that she is left thus in the cold; if any disaster befall the land, the Panthéon becomes at once Ste. Gèneviève's, and is thronged with her worshippers; whilst one may always gauge whether all is well with France by noting the number of those who assemble around her golden tomb at St. Étienne.

During the Middle Ages, if any misfortune threatened France—a plague, famine, inundation, or invasion—the people straightway had recourse to Ste. Gèneviève. Eighty times in all her bones were carried through the streets in solemn procession, with priests burning incense in their honour, and laymen scattering flowers before them, and prostrating themselves with wild prayers for help as the *cortège* passed.

In those weary, hopeless days in '71, when in Paris famine was doing a more deadly work even than the Prussians, men and women who had never before uttered a prayer joined eagerly in the common supplication to the patron-saint.

"Ste. Gèneviève, thou who by thy prayers didst save our city from the hordes of Attila, save us now from the hordes of his descendants."

And when the news came that General Faidherbe—he who died but a few months ago—had won a battle on the *fête* of Ste. Gèneviève, the man who had dared to say that it was not by the help of the saint would have stood a fair chance of being lynched in some parts of Paris. When happier days came, however, Ste. Gèneviève was as usual quietly thrust into the background, there to remain until some fresh misfortune to the land brings her again to the fore.

It has always been the same; even during the life-time of the saint, if one day she was hailed as a heaven-inspired messenger, and the saviour of her country, the next she was branded as a witch and traitress. According to tradition, Ste. Gèneviève was born at Nanterre, about 423 A.D., and was the daughter of a certain Severus and his wife Geronce, both of whom were Christians. Very early in life she was set apart as one destined for a special work; she was only seven years old when St. Germain, then on his way to extirpate heresy in Britain, met her, and prophesied that France should receive great blessings from her hand. When a child, she used to tend her father's sheep on Mont Valérien, the very place round which raged some of the hardest fighting during the siege.

At fifteen she became a nun; not that that, beyond obliging her to wear a veil, made much difference to her life; for there were no convents in those days, and she continued to live in her old home until the death of her parents. She then went to Paris, and gave herself up entirely to doing works of charity. Before she was twenty, she had become well-known in the city, owing to her knowledge of the curative qualities of various herbs, which enabled her to act as doctor amongst the poor. At first her efforts to help others seem to have met with gratitude; but, before long, people began to think there must be something uncanny in this young girl who, with a few green leaves, could cure those whom the most learned barbers were powerless to relieve, and the ominous word "sorceress" was whispered round.

There is little doubt as to what would have been Gèneviève's fate if St. Germain had not come forward as her protector. His warm espousal of her cause led to a quick revulsion of feeling amongst the people, who treated her with great respect from then up to the time when Attila, "the Scourge of God," appeared before the city. Then the Parisians, seized with panic, wished to abandon their town and seek an asylum elsewhere. Gèneviève resolutely opposed this project. She entreated them not to desert the homes God had blessed, and, whilst reproaching them with their cowardice, assured them that, if they would have faith, Attila should not hurt one hair of their heads. The people, however, were in no mood to listen to her exhortation. Furious at her reproaches, they denounced her as a false prophetess, and were on the point of stoning her, when a messenger arrived bringing presents to Gèneviève from the dying St. Germain, who hailed her as Saint. The populace, fickle as the wind, threw themselves at her feet, and implored her to do with them as she would. The next day, when they saw Attila's host depart as if in obedience to her command, their enthusiasm knew no bounds, and Gèneviève was obliged to hide herself until the first burst of demonstrative gratitude was past.

When order was restored in the city, she established the first convent in France. It stood on the ground now occupied by the Lycée Henri IV. She made this her home, and soon assembled around her a company of good women who, like her, devoted their days to teaching and nursing, and their nights, as often as not, to prayer.

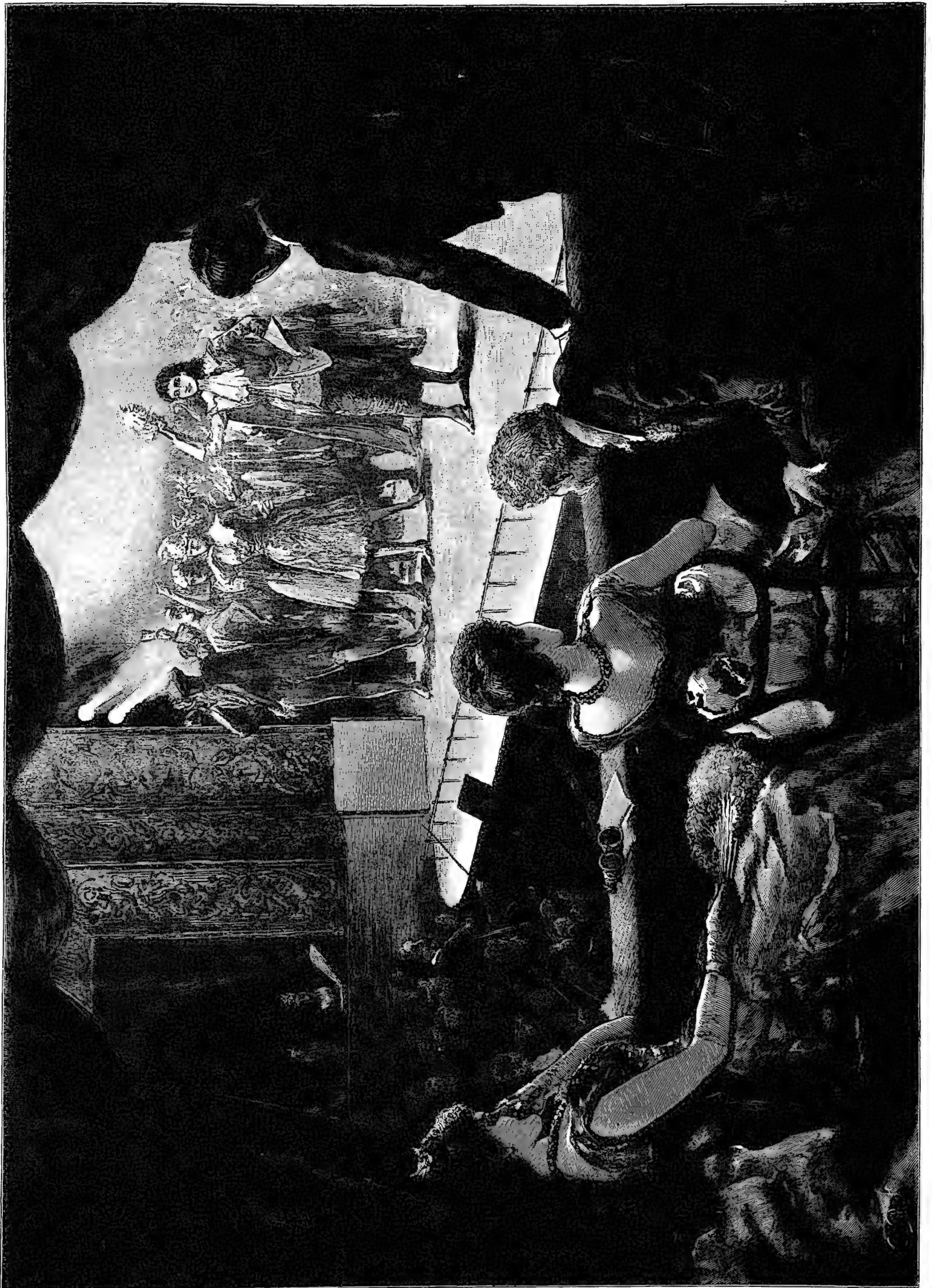
Her peaceful work amongst the poor, however, was soon interrupted, for, in 456, Childeric, with an army of Franks, laid siege to Paris, and, finding he could not take it by assault, resolved to reduce it by famine. There was terrible suffering in the city, people were dying on all sides for want of food, when St. Gèneviève again came to the aid of her fellow-townsmen. She fitted out a boat, and, accompanied by a few strong men, taking advantage of the darkness of the night to elude the Frankish guard, she sailed down the Seine in search of food. Two nights later she returned, and brought with her a plentiful supply of corn, flour, and fruit.

She found she was not strong enough to prevail against the Franks, therefore, like a wise woman, she made peace with them, and became the chosen friend and adviser of their leader. A quaint little story is told which shows the sort of position Ste. Gèneviève occupied with regard to Childeric. Franks as well as Gauls used to appeal to the Saint when they wished to obtain any grace from the King, who, as they knew, could refuse her nothing. Upon one occasion, Childeric condemned some men to death, and, as he was resolved that the sentence should be carried out, he determined to keep out of the way of Gèneviève until it was too late, lest she should persuade him to pardon them. He therefore left the city, locked the gate behind him, and took the key. Thus, secure as he thought from all pursuit, the old heathen went on his way rejoicing. But not for long: in a few minutes the Saint, gentle and smiling as ever, was by his side. No bars could keep her, as she told him, from doing her Father's business. The men were pardoned. After that Childeric never attempted to thwart her.

Ste. Gèneviève's influence over Clovis, Childeric's successor, was equally great—nay, greater; for, having found a faithful coadjutor in his Christian wife, Queen Clotilde, she persuaded him to join the Church, and help her in the civilising work she was doing. She died in 512 A.D., just five weeks after Clovis, and was buried with royal pomp by his side in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which soon became better known as the Abbey Ste. Gèneviève. Here she lay—not in peace though, for again and again her tomb was ravaged by hostile troops—until 1793, when the people in their wild hatred for all they had hitherto honoured, dragged her body to the Place de Grève, and burnt it, a few bones only escaping.

E. S.





A BOX AT THE THEATRE  
"MY FIRST SEASON"





GERMANY is much pleased with the inaugural address of her new Chancellor to the Prussian Diet on Tuesday—the first time General von Caprivi had met the House in his present character. He produced no formal Government programme, but expressed his desire to put himself into personal relations with the Diet, and paid a tribute to the talents of his predecessor. Taking a roseate view of the German future, he stated that "the edifice constructed under the fostering care, genius, iron will, and intense patriotism of Prince Bismarck, has a foundation and rivets firm enough to enable it to resist the force of wind and weather even after his supporting hand is withdrawn," more especially as the Emperor's strong personality will fill up the gap. As His Majesty has said, the course of the ship of State will remain the same, and no new era is contemplated, but—and here lies the gist of the speech—the various Prussian Ministers will each enjoy greater independence and prominence, instead of being mere instruments of the Chancellor's will. It is now generally accepted that this point was the real basis of Prince Bismarck's "dismissal," as the Prince himself chooses to call his resignation, and the Prussian Cabinet in future, as of old, will be responsible directly to the Crown. In concluding his oration General Caprivi declared that the Government was ready to consider the suggestions of all parties, "taking the good from whatever side and from whatever person it may come," and will willingly co-operate with "all who continue to lead, found, and enlarge the State in a monarchical, and the Empire in a national, sense." Though placed in General Caprivi's mouth, this speech was plainly an explanation of the Emperor's plans and opinions, and was most enthusiastically received. Nothing was said about foreign policy, not even concerning the theme which absorbs the Germans—affairs in East Africa. But the Government and the public treat this matter from very opposite points of view. The Government insist scrupulously that they will respect English rights to the utmost, while the German public are eager for colonial expansion at all hazards, and bring forward bitter accusations against British greed and commercial speculation. A deal set is made against Mr. Stanley and the British East Africa Company, German explorers asserting in offensive terms that the Emin Relief Expedition was merely a cloak for a great land-grabbing attempt, which was to have placed the British Company at the head of a vast equatorial Empire, with Emin as the Governor. Certainly the Germans lose no time in their preparations in East Africa itself. Major Wissmann offers such high wages to porters that he obtains hosts of recruits, and Emin Pasha's own caravan will only be the forerunner of several others to the region between Lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza. However, the British caravan, under Mr. Johnston, is first on the spot at the latter lake, having reached Kaviroondo, all well. The Germans have restored perfect order in their district, and are establishing large offices in Zanzibar—in striking contrast to the poor representation of the British. To return to home news, the Emperor is planning various meetings with his fellow-Sovereigns during the autumn, and supervising the new Military Bills for the Reichstag which will demand a credit of two millions sterling.

Emperor William's sympathy with the working classes extends even to the proposed International Labour Holiday on May 1st, as His Majesty desires the authorities not to interfere, but to leave employers to settle the question with their men. However, the German workmen themselves are divided in the matter. The Social Democrats want to celebrate the day as "a new Easter, the Festival of the Resurrection of the Working Classes;" and, to win over moderate thinkers, they protest that no disturbance is intended—only a demonstration in favour of an eight hours' working day. Many workmen, nevertheless, object to join any Socialist manifestation, and intend to continue their work on May 1st. They are equally free to choose in AUSTRIA, for the State—which is the greatest employer of labour—will probably decide to grant the holiday if the workmen themselves ask for it. Most of the leading Austrian manufacturers will follow the Government example; but it seems doubtful whether workmen desiring to work will be able to resist the moral pressure of the Socialists, who are straining every nerve to get up an imposing display. Hitherto, in Vienna, May 1st has been the great occasion for the Court and aristocracy to drive through the Prater in grand array, and the upper classes now propose to abandon the practice, lest they should come into collision with the labour demonstrators. Much uneasiness is felt after the failure of the police to quell the riots of last week, more especially as the strikes increase, affecting the various branches of trade one by one. The danger of riot is due more to the roughs, who caused the recent Viennese street troubles, than to the workmen themselves; but military and police will be at hand to repress any disturbance. So, too, in FRANCE, where M. Constans is not likely to show any vacillation in dealing with a mob. The Parisian workmen at first proposed to march through the streets in a body 200,000 strong, all animated with the most pacific intentions; but such grand projects are gradually being modified. Here, as in other countries, it seems probable that the demonstration will not answer its promoters' expectations, simply because many peaceable artisans object to losing a day's wages and risking their situation.

Just now, indeed, FRANCE thinks less about future disturbances than of her present grievance against ITALY. Signor Crispi's expulsion of the correspondents of the *Figaro* and the *Havas* Agency for spreading reports of Italian financial failures has aroused intense bitterness. A German correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* shares the lament, so the Italian Premier receives plenty of abuse from both France and Germany for crushing the liberty of the Press, especially when Signor Crispi's own Liberal antecedents are considered. Like Prince Bismarck, Signor Crispi is rarely gracious to journalists, and his natural antipathy has been heightened by the unpleasant fact that the pictures of Roman financial insecurity sent home by foreign correspondents were only too true. The French public are not appeased by the Italian fleet being despatched to Toulon to greet President Carnot on his peaceful Southern tour. The President will be away for ten days, visiting Corsica during his tour, and he has to fulfil a long programme of receptions and banquets, reviews, inspections, and inaugurations of monuments and public buildings, and the like. During his absence the Paris municipal elections take place, and the Boulangist candidates have published an elaborate political programme, although the councillors are not supposed to concern themselves with politics. Speaking of the Boulangists, an interesting Press trial has just been held, in which the editor of the *Cocarde* was charged with publishing the indictment of the General before the High Court. The editors of the chief Paris papers, regardless of party, attended to declare that they would have acted exactly like their colleague, who was ultimately acquitted. Negotiations have begun between M. Ribot and Tigran Pasha on the Conversion of the Egyptian Debt, and the French Foreign Minister declares that France is quite agreeable to an arrangement—with her own stipulations however. Nevertheless, France appears to show a decidedly conciliatory spirit, and to be more inclined to discuss the question purely from the financial point of view, excluding politics. The

Ministry have also concerned themselves with the present mania for hypnotism, which has been practised in the naval hospitals so largely that the Minister of Marine has issued an order forbidding any further operations of the kind.

IN INDIA, Bombay has welcomed her new Governor with much cordiality, Lord Harris's inaugural speech making a good impression. The retiring Governor, Lord Reay, left immediately afterwards amid every demonstration of popularity, notwithstanding the dissatisfaction and bickerings prevailing during his term of office. But the native community regret Lord Reay considerably, and propose to erect a statue in his honour, while Lady Reay's zeal in charitable work made her a general favourite. These changes have divided public attention with the agitation over the Legislative Councils Bill. Whilst the Mahomedans swell their petitions against elective representation, the Hindoo community are holding mass meetings on the opposite side throughout Northern India, although some of their most influential leaders dissent, like Sir Madhava Rao, who has retired from the standing Committee of the National Congress. Both columns of the Chin Lushai Expedition are returning home, leaving small posts to maintain order, including a force of 300 Goorkhas at Haka. On the north-western frontier, the completion of the boring through the Khojak tunnel is expected daily, and the railway is already laid for some miles on the Afghan side. British India certainly needs improved communication with Afghanistan now that the Ameer has agreed to permit Russian caravans to trade in Afghan Turkestan, and even at Herat.

The Pan-American Congress in the UNITED STATES will disperse this week, having completed little satisfactory work during over five months' deliberations. Their report favouring Reciprocity Treaties meets with many opponents, but the Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee in the House of Representatives has introduced a resolution favouring the arrangement. The Naval Supply Bill has passed, although members objected to the Government increasing the navy to any large extent, as they declare that a strong fleet invites war. The difficulties of agreeing on a Silver Coinage Bill are less easily overcome, and Committees from both Houses are trying to arrange a compromise.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Carlist opinions have little hold over SPAIN at present. Recently a Carlist agent, the Marquis of Cerralbo, has been trying to revive sympathy for his party in the Eastern provinces, and on his reaching Valencia the Republicans made a tremendous disturbance. The Government have triumphed in the Daban incident, for the Senate finally agreed that military discipline must be upheld even when officers had legitimate grievances. Accordingly the sentence of imprisonment on General Daban for treasonable language is maintained.—The student troubles in RUSSIA have quite subsided, and the latest revolutionary hero is the Czar's cousin, the Grand Duke Constantine, who has been imprisoned for writing a poem on the sufferings of the lower classes. Finland is much disturbed by the decree conforming the Government of the Grand Duchy to the Russian system.—To keep the peace, BULGARIA has yielded to SERBIA in the diplomatic squabble prevailing for the last few weeks, and will remove the obnoxious M. Mitchevitch, her agent at Belgrade.—PORTUGAL is reported to be entering on fresh hostilities in EAST AFRICA, having sent a large armed force with artillery up the Shire to attack Mponda, at the southern end of Lake Nyassa. A Portuguese Commission have also gone out to fix the frontier between the Delagoa Bay territory and the Transvaal, thus contradicting their own contention that the boundary was determined when they seized the Delagoa Bay Railway last year for not being completed to the frontier within the given time.—In SOUTH AFRICA, the young King of Swaziland will be installed formally next month, and Mr. Shepstone is trying to induce the people to abandon their usual custom of human sacrifices on such occasions.—By the death of the Marquis Tseng CHINA loses one of her most enlightened statesmen, and a warm advocate of more open relations with the Western Powers.



THE close of the Queen's sojourn at Aix-les-Bains has been somewhat marred by bad weather. Rain and sleet have fallen, while the air has been bitterly cold. Accordingly Her Majesty was unable to go to Chambéry on Saturday to inspect the troops, as arranged, and merely walked to Mouxy. Countess Sommers dined with the Royal party in the evening, and the Queen afterwards received Mrs. Arkwright. Next morning Her Majesty, with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice and their husbands, attended Divine Service at the English church, where the Dean of Gloucester officiated; and in the afternoon the Geneva Union Nautique Musicale, under the presidency of the British Consul, gave a concert before the Royal party in the grounds of the Villa Victoria. Monday being the Princess Beatrice's thirty-third birthday, the Aix Municipality arranged a grand fête in honour of the Queen and Princess. In the morning the Dragoon band serenaded the Royal party, and the Princess held a reception, when she was presented with numerous bouquets, while during the afternoon and evening concerts were given by the Aix Choral Society, the 87th Infantry Regiment, and the Municipal band, illuminations and fireworks closing the entertainment. Although Tuesday was wet, the Royal party drove to Chambéry and witnessed a march past of 6,000 troops, Her Majesty sitting in an open carriage in the rain. The Queen is much the better for the change, using her walking-stick less, and is delighted with her stay, and with the attention shown by the French authorities. Her Majesty has received most of the local officials, civil and military, either at dinner or in audience, while the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Lord Lytton, Lord Ronald Gower, and Mr. Austin Lee have been the Queen's guests repeatedly. The Royal party leave on Tuesday to stay with the Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt, where the Emperor William will visit Her Majesty, and will probably decide whether he will come to England during the summer. The Empress Frederick and her two daughters will join the Darmstadt gathering, while Princess Victoria may perhaps accompany the Queen to England at the end of next week, the Royal travellers journeying home by Flushing. The Queen will go to Balmoral on May 22nd for her birthday, returning to Windsor in June, when the Empress Frederick is expected on a visit.

The Prince of Wales left Cannes on Saturday, much benefited by the Riviera air, and reached Paris on Sunday morning. He then attended Divine Service at the Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, afterwards paying some calls, and going to the Bois. He spent the few days of his stay quite privately, receiving and visiting friends, besides going to the Horse Show and the theatre. On returning to England he will join his wife and daughters at Sandringham. The Prince will preside at Mr. Stanley's reception by the Emin Pasha Relief Committee on May 2nd, and will accompany the Princess to a Musical Fête at the Albert Hall, in aid of the Morley Convalescent Home for Working Men, on May 10th.—Prince Albert Victor stayed some time longer at Cairo than originally intended, attending the Gymkhana Races, strolling through the bazaars, and dining with the Khédive. He left on Tuesday for Athens on his way home.—

Prince George remained with the Duke of Edinburgh at Coburg until Tuesday, when he accompanied the Duke to Stuttgart to invest the King of Württemberg with the Order of the Garter. The Princes afterwards left for England, meeting the Duchess on the way, while the Royal children will follow in a few weeks' time.

Princess Christian has also returned to England with her husband and daughters, after several months' stay at Wiesbaden. Before leaving Germany, the Princess received a visit from her nephew, Emperor William, who had come to Wiesbaden to see the Empress of Austria.—The Duchess of Albany on Tuesday opened a bazaar at Stoke Newington in aid of the St. Thomas' Mission Room, Stamford Hill.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught spent a day at Shanghai last week, amid great festivities, the Duke unveiling a statue of Sir Harry Parkes. They arrived at Yokohama on Tuesday, and will stay nearly a month in Japan, whence they go to Vancouver and across Canada to Quebec, embarking for home on June 12th, and reaching Liverpool about June 21st.



A WOODPECKER has been seen in Kensington Gardens.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' MARRIAGE CONTRACT with Francis II. of France is to be sold by auction shortly in London. It is a quaint old manuscript of nine folio pages.

THE DUC D'ORLÉANS has now been at Clairvaux for two months, but continues in capital health and spirits. He reads a great deal and receives numerous visits, while his present hobby is to collect a specimen of every article manufactured by his fellow prisoners—wooden shoes, buttons, iron agricultural implements, gloves, linen, and so forth.

THE COSSACK OFFICER who is riding on horseback from Central Asia to St. Petersburg is expected to complete his journey by the end of this month. From the last accounts both he and his horse were well and hearty, having passed the worst part of their trip, and being on an easy route by Perm and Kazan to the capital. Captain Peschkof was laid up with influenza for a fortnight at Irkutsk.

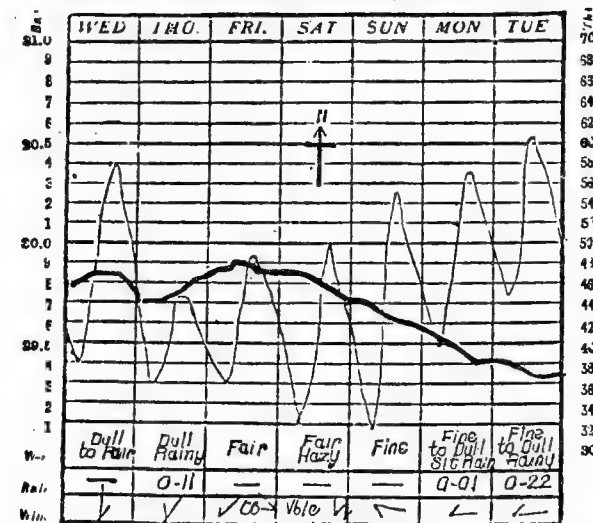
INFLUENZA continues to rage in India, spreading severely among the troops at the hill stations. In Calcutta the epidemic affects public business to no small extent, for numbers of the police are incapacitated, many Government officials are laid up, and the law courts are almost at a stand-still. Happily, only a mild form of the disease prevails, but many natives attacked succumb to pneumonia following the influenza.

AN ELABORATE SYSTEM OF PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE is to be installed at the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie during the summer holidays. An immense water-tank will be connected with a number of small taps placed all over the building. When either of these taps is turned, the water will run into a series of pipes playing upon the stage, and will automatically bring down the iron curtain, ring alarm-bells, and light electric lamps in all the passages, so that the audience may find their way if the gas fails.

THE NEW RUSKIN MUSEUM AT SHEFFIELD was inaugurated on Tuesday by the Earl of Carlisle. In their original home at Walkley, Mr. Ruskin's treasures were too far off to be of much use to the Sheffield working-classes, whom Mr. Ruskin most desired to benefit. Accordingly, when the collection was handed over to the Sheffield Corporation for twenty years, the Town Council fitted up an old mansion in Meersbrook Park as a home for the Museum, which will now be easily accessible for the townspeople. The Museum is divided into three chief apartments—the Art Gallery, Library, and Jewel Room—all tastefully decorated. Maxims from Mr. Ruskin's works are inscribed below the friezes, such as "The right function of every Museum is the manifestation of what is lovely in the life of nature, and herein in the life of man"—one of the inscriptions in the Library.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (15th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been decidedly cool in all parts of the United Kingdom, and slight showers of rain, hail, or snow have been experienced very generally. Sharp ground frosts occurred at many of the English Inland Stations. During the early part of the time pressure was lowest to the Eastward, and highest to the Westward of our Islands, and strong squally and very cold Northerly breezes were experienced in all places, with occasional showers of rain, hail, or snow. By Saturday morning (12th inst.) a decided fall in pressure had set in in the South-West of Ireland, and the wind drew into South or South-East for a time, but no material change in the weather took place. At the close of the period, Monday and Tuesday (14th and 15th inst.), a large depression was central over the Bay of Biscay, and Easterly winds, with occasional slight showers and some improvement in temperature, were very general over the country. Taking the week as a whole temperature was distinctly below the average in all places. Maxima were mostly below 50° over England, and as low as 40° in Scotland. The highest readings, which occurred at the end of the week, were 58° or 59° in the West of Scotland, at one or two Irish Stations, and in the Midlands, and the South of England. The highest value of all (68°) was reported from Cambridge. Minima were low generally until quite the close of the week, when some improvement was shown. The lowest readings were registered on Sunday morning (13th inst.), when 8° of frost were reported from the East Coasts of Scotland, and two or three degrees in the South-East of England. On the grass the frost at some inland Stations was occasionally very severe.

The barometer was highest (29.91 inches) on Friday (11th inst.); lowest (29.35 inches) on Tuesday (15th inst.); range 0.56 inch. The temperature was highest (66°) on Tuesday (15th inst.); lowest (32°) on Sunday (13th inst.); range 28°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount 0.34 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.22 inch on Tuesday (15th inst.).





MRS. OSCAR BERINGER's dramatic version of Mark Twain's fanciful story, *The Prince and the Pauper*, brought out at the Gaiety on Saturday afternoon, belongs to a class of pieces which are designed to exhibit the talents of very young performers, and may therefore claim kindred with *Nixie* at Terry's Theatre. Wide, however, is the difference between the two performances. *Nixie* is an ill-advised attempt to associate a mere infant with a story savouring disagreeably of the annals of the Divorce Court; *The Prince and the Pauper* is a delightful little historical myth, in which great personages are contrasted with very humble folk, after a fashion that has always been dear to the popular imagination. At Terry's Theatre the feeling of the spectator is one of a painful sense of incongruity in the priggish utterances of the didactic and self-conscious little heroine; at the Gaiety, on the contrary, the frank and natural sayings of the poor little ill-used Tom Canty, who is supposed to exchange clothes and condition of life with the young Prince Edward (afterwards Edward VI.), whom he closely resembles in person, are delightful in their truth and genuine feeling. In *Nixie* an offensive realism mingles with an artificiality equally obtrusive; in Mark Twain's unhistorically historical legend, there are strange incidents and strong contrasts; but incongruous elements are softened down and harmonised as in a dream. Unfortunately, Mrs. Beringer's play and her little daughter's wonderful performance have fallen upon evil days. The old professional protest against children players, "little eyases that cry out on the top of the question, and are (as Hamlet says) most tyrannically clapped for it," is once more heard in the land, and a sharp north-wind of criticism has been let loose on what one matter-of-fact person has most absurdly called this "absurd perversion of English history." If the complaints had gone no further than this the general objection that Miss Beringer's attempt to play both the Prince and his little counterpart in association with Master Alfred Field Fisher, who also occasionally "doubles," as the actors say, these identical parts, is bewildering to the spectator there would have been nothing left to the defenders of the play but to acknowledge the fact. This, it may be frankly owned, is the blot of the performance. Experience has shown that audiences can lend the imagination to simple "doubling." Mr. Irving's success in the *The Lyons Mail* and Miss Mary Anderson's dual impersonation in *The Winter's Tale* sufficiently attest this fact. It is otherwise with such complex "doubling" as is attempted in this case. No doubt the temptation was great; for while the parts of the Prince and the poor lad demand almost equal power and variety of expression, it is difficult to imagine how the story could be told without presenting both simultaneously on the stage, at least in the early scene in the courtyard of Whitehall Palace, and again in the dénouement. If this difficulty can be got over, so much the better for the prospects of the piece. If not, both juvenile and adult minds—for this is a performance that may be enjoyed by the imaginative, both young and old—will do well to lend themselves to the illusion as kindly as possible, for they will see a piece of rare freshness and imaginative charm, acted throughout with very much more than average power. Mr. Vernon's Henry VIII., Mr. J. G. Taylor's Canty, the brutal father, Miss Annie Irish's Mrs. Canty, and Mr. Macklin's Miles Hendon, are each and all admirable impersonations, and praise is due to Mr. Beauchamp's Father Andrews, Mr. Gurney's Earl of Hertford, and Mr. Hendrie's St. John. The picturesque scenery and costumes and the old English music selected by Mr. Meyer Lutz add much to the effect of the performance, which is to be repeated every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon until further notice.

Mr. Grundy's *Village Priest* at the HAYMARKET has undergone some compression, which cannot but be of advantage to the prospects of Mr. Grundy's play if it restrains that tendency to tedious declamation and too elaborate portraiture which are the besetting sins of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's method. The absurdities into which the adaptor has been led by his attempt to engraft a profound study of the human heart upon a foundation of conventional French melodrama remains, however, still open to "Mr. Punch's" amusing ridicule of this week; and it is to be feared that the essentially false sentiment of this hybrid production will furnish Mr. Oswald Crawford with further confirmation of his views regarding the modern "Actor-managements."

It is said that a new historical piece by Mr. Buchanan, which is accepted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree for the HAYMARKET, is of a light and comic character; and that the scene is laid in the earlier half of the last century.

The revival of *The Green Bushes* at the ADELPHI to-night will awaken many reminiscences in the minds of old frequenters of that theatre. Of course they will deny that anybody is, or could be, so good as Wright, Paul Bedford, Madame Celeste, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and the deep-voiced O. Smith in their respective parts. Some praisers of past time will perhaps even carry prejudice so far as to prefer the scene-painting which the playgoing world of five-and-forty years ago thought wonderful to the solid sets and masterly scenic Art of these days. These, however, are disadvantages under which all revivals of famous old pieces must expect to suffer.

French actors and managers are not very easily persuaded that anything worth their attention can originate on the English stage. Thanks, however, to the exertions of Mr. J. T. Grein, M. Pierre Berton, who is well known to London audiences by his association with Madame Sarah Bernhardt, has determined to produce a version in French of *The Middleman*. The result of this experiment will be of some interest.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte's splendid new theatre in Cambridge Circus is rapidly approaching completion, but will not be opened till October next. The new OLYMPIC, which is building in Wych Street, is expected to be ready for Mr. Wilson Barrett soon after that time.

Mr. Toole's first appearance at the Antipodes appears to have been a great success, in spite of exceptionally hot weather. The Australian folk are, it appears, still sufficiently English to appreciate humours which are still more essentially English; and there can be no doubt that the Australian tour of the genial and popular English comedian and his company will be a succession of triumphs.

Mrs. John Wood has, for the present at least, seen the last of *Aunt Jack*, and the COURT Theatre remains closed for the rehearsals of Mr. Pinero's new farcical comedy. To-night *Master and Man*, at the PRINCESS's, will reach its last performance; and this theatre will, in like manner, be given up to preparations for the production of Mr. Buchanan's version of *Theodora*.

The projected series of Saturday evening revivals at the LYCEUM began on Saturday last with *The Bells*, which will always be remembered as the play in which Mr. Irving first rose to the foremost rank in his profession. The house was crowded, and the weird fascination of the Burgomaster's terrible dream once more exercised its powerful sway. *The Bells*, which will be repeated this evening, as well as on Saturday evening next, is to be followed by revivals of *Louis XI.* and *Olivia*.



We announce with regret the death of Dr. Parry, Bishop Suffragan of Dover. A portrait and memoir of him appear on page 444.

THE WILL OF THE LATE DR. LIGHTFOOT, dated April, 1888, has been proved in the Durham District Registry. The personal estate is sworn at 23,622l. To the Archbishop of Canterbury, to Canon Westcott, his successor in the See of Durham, and to Dr. Hort, Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, such books, or other articles for keepsakes, as the executors may direct, are to be presented. All his other books are to be divided between the University of Durham and the Selwyn Divinity School at Cambridge, in such manner as the executors may think fit, having regard to the needs of the two places.

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD, presiding at the opening of his Diocesan Conference, delivered an address on "Brotherhoods," in the course of which he suggested that the proposed vow of celibacy might be made temporary, so as to become renewable at the end of one or two years.

EARL COMPTON is introducing a Bill to declare every parish church in England and Wales to be for free use in common of all the parishioners for the purpose of Divine worship according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England. Among the exemptions made from the operation of the measure are those in favour of churches built under special local Acts, and modern churches possessing legal scales of pew-rents assigned to them under the Church Buildings Acts. The measure, if passed into law, would free some 13,000 of the 15,000 churches of the country.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE, presiding at a Unitarian meeting in Sheffield, referred to the new University Hall in London, of which, with the authoress of "Robert Elsmere" and others, he is, as already mentioned in this column, among the promoters. Touching on the programme of the new institution, he said that the founders were not trying to forward a new religion. As to what they were trying to forward, a great deal in connection with it was still vague, and must depend on events and on the head who might be selected for it.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bishop of London will preach at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Friday evening, April 25th, at a special service, to begin at eight, on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Benefit Society.—The death, in his seventy-sixth year, is announced of the Rev. Henry Scarth, Prebendary of Wells, who co-operated with Archdeacon Denison in founding the British Church Union, and who was a zealous and accomplished antiquary.—The Duke of Newcastle has been appointed a member of the Church Council of All Saints, Margaret Street.—A series of Sunday afternoon services is being held in the Central Hall, Holborn, by the Rev. John McNeill, who has been called the Scottish Spurgeon, and is Minister of the Regent Square Presbyterian Church, which was built for Edward Irving.—Mr. Alderman Cory, of Cardiff, has given another 1,000l. to the North Wales Baptist Home Mission, which brings up to 2,500l. the amount of his donations for strengthening weak congregations of that communion in Wales. He has also endowed with 2,500l. a Chair in the North Wales Baptist College, and has subscribed 5,000l. to the funds of Mr. Spurgeon's Stockwell Orphanages.



THE TURF.—Mr. James Lowther's period of office as Steward of the Jockey Club having expired he has not offered himself for re-election. The retiring Steward has effected much good work during his tenure of this responsible post, but there is still something for Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, the new Steward, to accomplish before the "Sport of Kings" is in the ideal condition desired by Lord Durham and other critics. Both Minthe and The Baron have been scratched for the City and Suburban, to be run next Wednesday. Pioneer maintains his position as favourite, and has been backed at as little as 11 to 4. Le Nord is announced as a certain runner for the Two Thousand, and was, at the time of writing, an equal favourite with Surefoot at 11 to 4. For the Derby, 7 to 2 was taken about the former and 4 to 1 about the latter.

Last week's racing was not very important, and threw little light on future events. At Northampton the most important events were the Althorp Park Stakes, which Jessamy won for Lord Hastings, Macnacas finding his seven-pound penalty a little too much for him; the Earl Spencer's Plate, which fell to Mr. L. de Rothschild's Lactantius, who also walked over for the Fawley Park Welter; and the Great Northamptonshire Stakes, won by Padua. J. Woodburn and T. Loates each rode three winners. At the National Hunt and Eglinton Hunt Meeting the National Hunt Steeplechase fell to Innisfail. Leicester saw Friar Lubin successful in the Excelsior Breeders' Foal Stakes, and Filomena in the Wigston Plate, while Pertinax and Cippus each secured a couple of races; but the principal event was the Spring Handicap, which Lord Howe secured by the aid of Surbiton. Shillelagh was second and Bullion third, Shimmer, who started a hot favourite, being quite out of it.

The two days' hurdle racing at Hurst Park this week were pleasant enough; but produced nothing important.—On Tuesday the season at headquarters opened with the Craven Meeting. Prince Soltykoff's Lord George was made favourite for the Crawford Plate, and justified his popularity by an easy win; the tackers of Mr. H. Milner's Shall We Remember in the Thirty-Second Newmarket Biennial were equally fortunate in their selection; but the Fitzwilliam Plate fell to an extreme outsider in Lord Penrhyn's Royal Nun.

The only French news of note is that Clover was beaten in the Prix Rainbow at the Paris Meeting on Sunday, both Pourtant and Aerolithe finishing in front of him; and that Silvio, who won the Derby for the late Lord Falmouth in 1877, has succumbed to an accident.

BICYCLING.—Some time ago four cyclists, successive riding a single machine, accomplished the distance to Brighton and back in a considerably shorter time than that taken by the late Jem Selby, with the "Old Times" Coach. Their "record" again was beaten last week, when four others performed the journey in the really remarkable time of 7 hours 25 minutes 15 seconds.—R. H. English won the One Mile Professional Championship last week, beating his brother, T. H. English, and R. Howell, the ex-Champion, but the time, as usual, in such matches, was not good.—From America comes news of a "flying quarter" ridden in 32 seconds, by a youth of eighteen.

CRICKET.—Mr. W. L. Murdoch, with his wife and family, has already arrived in England. The rest of the Australian team under his command is due in about a week. In an interview he is

reported to have said, "It is not for gate or gallery that we visit Old England, but for real sport; and you won't see us again for years." We seem to have heard something like this before.—Congratulations to Mr. F. E. Lacey, of Hampshire, and to Mr. A. C. M. Croome, of Oxford University, on their recent good matches, of a matrimonial character!

BILLIARDS.—McNeill having issued a challenge to play any one in the world (bar Roberts) 7,000 up on a Championship table, it has been accepted on behalf of Peall. An interesting match should be the result.—John Roberts, jun., the Champion, is about to visit the Cape, where he should rather astonish the natives.—Cook has been in exceptionally good form of late. One evening this week he made a break, spot-barred, of 358, his best for some years past.

MISCELLANEOUS.—So little football of importance has been played that we may content ourselves with mentioning here that Sheffield Wednesday, with a victory over Sunderland, have secured the Championship of the Football Alliance, and that a match between somewhat weak teams of the Blackburn Rovers, holders of the Association Cup, and Preston North End, Champions of the League, resulted in a draw.—Mr. P. Ashworth followed up his previous successes this season by winning the Amateur Racquets Championship, beating Captain W. C. Hedley in the final. The Public Schools' Competition was not finished at the time of writing.—The Tennis Match between Thomas Pettitt and Charles Saunders, for the Championship and 500l. a-side, is to be played in Sir Edward Guinness's Court at Dublin, on May 26th.—Liverpool won the National Challenge Shield, offered by the National Physical Recreation Society, for proficiency in gymnastics; Dundee and Warrington being second and third respectively.—At Lacrosse the North inflicted a decisive beating on the South by thirteen games to two.—The Amateur Boxing Championships produced no very remarkable results, except that none of the previous holders were successful, and that the winners of all five "finals"—bantam, feather, light, middle, and heavy weight—hailed from London.—O'Connor is reported to have got on a match at last. He is to row Stansbury over the Parramatta course for 500l. a-side in about two months' time.—At the South London Harriers' Sports on Saturday, Mr. W. Pollock Hill ran three-quarters of a mile in 3 min. 12 3-5th sec.; and Mr. W. Kibblewhite four miles in 20 min. 20 3-5th sec.

### "MY FIRST SEASON"

#### III.

ONE good thing is, that as we always lived so quietly at Hawthorne, I think I enjoy "coming out" twice as much as most girls. It's not in the least conventional to enjoy things so very much, for I have found out that it is the proper thing for men not to care about anything in the world, and for girls only to like a few things a little. But I suppose they begin very early, for though I practised the expression—a sort of lofty bored look—before the glass for half an hour, I found it impossible to keep it up, and when I tried the manner, mamma wanted to know whether I was in pain, and Lord Lakes asked how he had offended me.

At the theatre, especially, one must be very conventional. People go there chiefly to talk. But I think it would be so nice if one could go and sit in the pit, where they are constantly eating oranges and shedding tears, without any pretence about it. It is so annoying, just when you want dreadfully to cry at a very pathetic part, to hear some one say in an audible voice, "Clever bit of business—always manages to drag it into his part." "Must be fifty, if she's a day—but how well the old lady makes up!" And that, you know, quite spoils your interest in Ophelia or Angelina. It is not quite so bad, but it is very aggravating, when you are thoroughly enjoying the fun of *The Gondoliers* or *The Red Hussar* (by the by, all the actresses are turning into boys now—I wonder why?), and a young masher with four distinct lisps yawns, and asks how long "the Bwitish public are goin' to thtand Punch wetherwected?"

A box is certainly nice, and I suppose the pit has drawbacks, but I think I would even suck oranges if I could be where it is not equally unusual to cry or to be amused, and where the people haven't got opera glasses, and still believe, as I used, the actresses to be the most beautiful creatures in the world. You'll think from all this that I am beginning to realise the "hollowness of life," as your father says, but it is only because I am rather cross just now, and I am not quite sure if the way Célestine has done my hair suits me. And sometimes Maude makes up delightful parties for the theatre, and supper somewhere afterwards in a Bohemian kind of way, which is great fun.

By the by, I must tell you about a conquest I have made, and which I am proud of. Captain Lamarque is past seventy, and wears stays and a yellow wig. He has had a paralytic stroke, and falls in love once at least every season; but, my dear, they say he has very good taste. It's a sort of *cachet* of—well, never mind what to have him for an admirer; and so, you see, I don't mind,—especially as he is charming in the way of bringing bouquets. And although he is sometimes a bore, he is *not* conventional, or, at least, only in an original sort of way. He is enormously rich and hugely susceptible, but he has never been married; perhaps because he has only lately come into his money. Before that he had haunted the clubs for years, with only just enough to keep him comfortably in gloves and button-holes, making love to the new beauties every year.

Now that he is well off he is dreadfully puzzled to know how to spend his money. He began to complain of it the first time I met him, which was at the theatre—the Prince of Wales's, I think.

"On my honour as a gentleman," he said, "I wish some one would advise me. It is a very hard case."

"Well, although it's rather an unusual one," said I, "I believe there are several prescriptions. I think it's curable."

"The ready wit of the Lady Gwendolyn is always to be relied on," said he, with a low bow. "May I ask you to proceed?"

"Well, you might entertain on a large scale. One may spend a good deal on that."

"Oh!—dinner-parties," murmured he, with a disappointed air.

"And turn your thoughts to balls and private concerts—professionals are very expensive, I believe—or amateur theatricals. Or keep a yacht—or a stud of racehorses—or take a theatre—or—"

"Excuse me," said he. "Did you say 'private theatricals'?"

I said, "Yes."

"Doubtless you are a finished actress?"

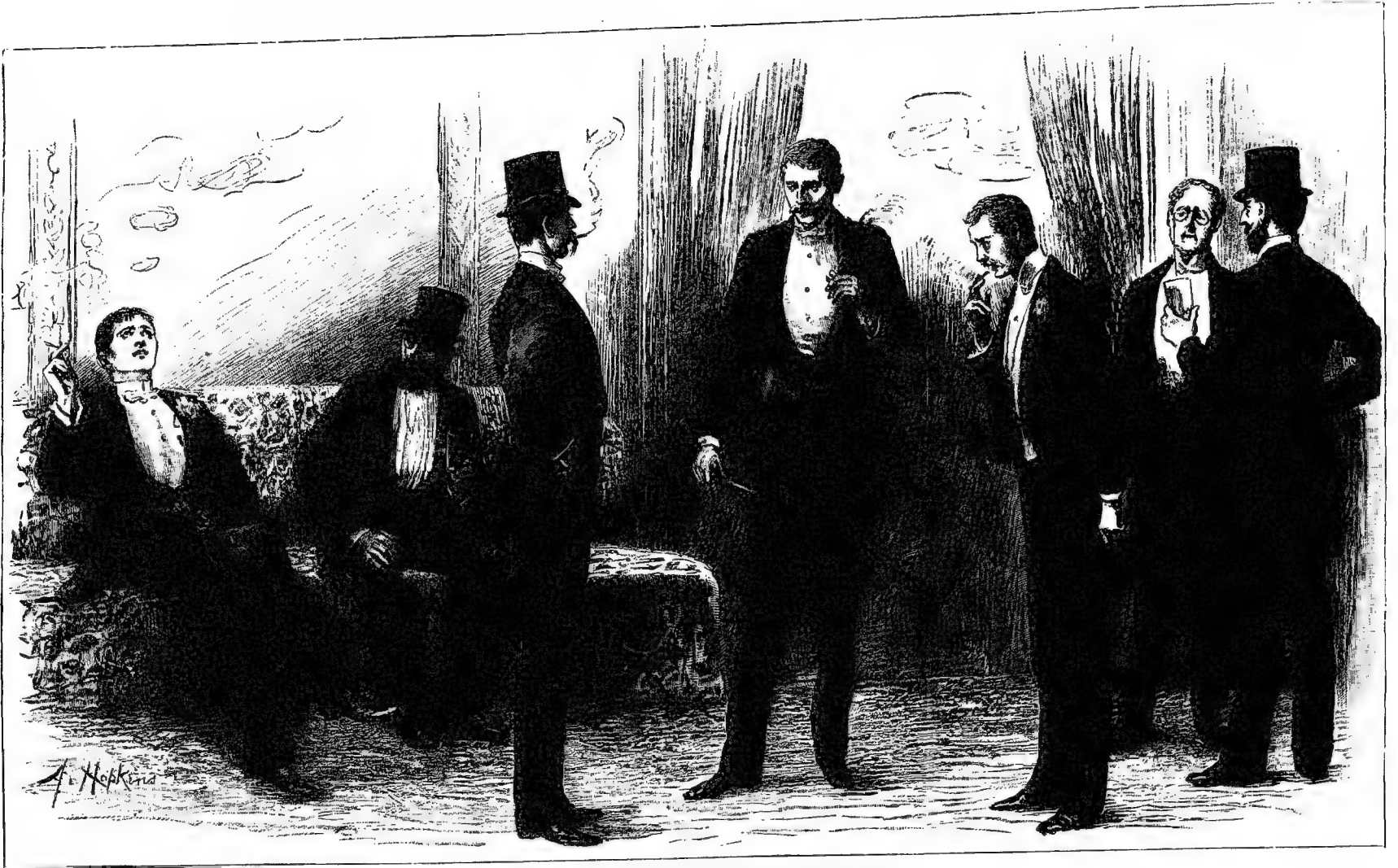
I said, No; I hadn't begun yet.

"With such beauty and grace," said he (he always emphasizes his compliments with a bow), "you would shine as a Juliet—as a—hem—Dorothy. I myself have achieved a modest success in the rôles of Romeo and Captain Absolute. I consider your suggestion a most valuable one, and amongst us we should certainly be able to furnish a dramatic corps to rival that in which, under the auspices of the Duchess of Blackburn, I was, if I may use the expression, something of a star. And I need not tell you that if my poor house can be of any service—"

And so on, for I found that when Captain Lamarque got upon the subject of the stage there was no stopping him. But I considered him an amiable, grandfatherly old gentleman, and I encouraged him, and talked to him very kindly, so that presently he offered to take me over some parts of the theatre to which, he said, the public were not generally admitted.

"But I have interest," said he, with an air.





A PEEP INTO THE SMOKING-ROOM AT THE THEATRE

So mamma and I and several others were trundled off down various passages, and peered into various rooms, but it was not very interesting. And then, at the end of a little passage, we heard voices; the others had dropped behind, and he whispered,

"Come quietly, and you may peep through the screen into the smoking-room, but *sub rosa* always, remember, *sub rosa*."

The poor old Captain is rather deaf, and was chuckling

away and whispering, so that he did not hear a scrap of conversation which was very audible to me. A loud laugh was just dying away, and then another voice said, very firmly and distinctly,

"I do not approve of this way of making free with ladies' names."

"No more do I, Humphrey," said Lord Lakes lazily, from the corner of a sofa—I saw him sitting there, watching the rings of smoke from his cigarette—"but if you *ask* me,

I think Lady Gwen is the prettiest girl that has come out this season, and the jolliest too, by a long chalk."

"I should not think of disputing your verdict," said Mr. Humphrey, in a sneering way, I thought.

"They'll be coming out directly," whispered Captain Lamarque, laying a shaky hand on my arm.

After that I had a head-ache, and in the rush after the play was over, I escaped quietly with papa, instead of going to Maude's supper-party, as I had promised.



"IN THE RUSH AFTER THE PLAY WAS OVER I ESCAPED QUIETLY WITH PAPA"

"MY FIRST SEASON"



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The Committee appeal most earnestly for funds to enable them to assist a large number of ladies in Ireland, who have, through the non-payment of their rents, suddenly fallen from comfort to poverty, and to the verge of starvation.

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Eight of such homes have been opened at 7, 11, 15, and 17, Minford Gardens, West Kensington Park; 25 and 27, St. George's Road, Notting Hill; and 65, Waltham Road, St. Peter's Park, Paddington. They are all open to visitors between the hours of 2 and 5 p.m.





**POLITICAL.**—Lord Dunraven, addressing a Primrose League meeting at Perth, on Monday, said that the career of Lord Beaconsfield, whose memory the League enshrined, had been an absolute refutation of the falsehood that the Conservative party was the party of class and of privilege. Few men ever entered a political career with fewer advantages of birth than Lord Beaconsfield. He had achieved success by sheer intellect, patience, courage, and patriotism.—The Marquis of Londonderry, late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, presided at an enthusiastic Liberal Unionist meeting at Hartlepool on Tuesday, when Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., gave a detailed account of the improvement effected by the Government in the social condition of Ireland. For instance, in 1885, with Mr. Gladstone in power, there were 4,000 agrarian crimes in Ireland, while last year they numbered only 400, which was fewer than at any time during the last twelve years.—Speaking at a large Unionist meeting at St. Neot's on Tuesday, Mr. Smith-Barry referred to the censures passed on him for interfering in the controversy on the Ponsonby estate, with which he had no connection, and asked in reply, where was the Irish estate into which Mr. W. O'Brien had not put his finger?—The contest in the Carnarvon Boroughs ended in the return of Mr. Lloyd George (G), by a majority of eighteen over Mr. Ellis Nanney (C).

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, returning thanks for the toast of his health at the Lord Mayor's Easter banquet this week, mildly contradicted some current reports of his resignation of the command of the Army. With an obvious reference to certain recent recommendations of sweeping alterations in Army administration, he added that, while quite willing to perform his duties as Commander-in-Chief, it would only be so long as he was not called on to perform duties which would lower the position held by him for thirty-four years.

GENERAL LORD CHELMSFORD at a luncheon on Tuesday in Gordon House, Chelsea, described, in an interesting address, the programme of the Royal Military Exhibition, which is to be held in that building and adjacent grounds for the benefit of Church of England soldiers' institutes, and will be opened by the Prince of Wales on May 7th.

THE COUNCIL OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION have completed the regulations for the first great rifle meeting at Bisley in July. One of these restricts the entries for the Queen's Prize and the St. George's Vase—the great Volunteer honours of the meeting—to three men per company for each contest, and two for each troop of Yeomanry, the commanding officers of each regiment being allowed to nominate two men in addition to the representatives of companies or troops.

AN EXHIBITION OF PRODUCTS OF THE BRITISH SILK INDUSTRY is being organised by Lady Arthur Hill and other members of a Committee of ladies of which the Duchess of Teck is President. It is to be held during the second week in May, at 7, St. James's Square, London, the town residence of Lady Egerton of Tatton, and its object is to demonstrate the superiority of home-made silks to those coming from France. The proceeds are to go to an Irish charity.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The Lord Mayor calls attention, through the Press, to the useful work done during the last year by the

Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor. Its inspectors have visited 7,367 houses as to the condition of which complaints had been received.—A Provisional Committee, of which the Duke of Abercorn and the Marquis of Waterford are members, has been formed to provide a suitable memorial of that model, though ill-requested, Irish landlord, the late Mr. A. M. Kavanagh.—The Royal Geographical Society has awarded one of its royal medals to Emin Pasha, and the other to Lieutenant F. E. Younghusband, for his journey across Central Asia in 1886-7.—The Earl of Carlisle opened on Tuesday in Meersbrook Park, Sheffield, in a suitable building to which it has been removed from its cottage-home at Walkley, a much less accessible locality, the Museum, presented on its removal by Mr. Ruskin to the town, for a period of twenty years.—Lord Bury intimates that, in his opinion, the verb "to motor" is the best among the many suggested to express locomotion by electricity.—Among recent donations to the Llanerch Colliery Relief Fund is one of 78l. from the readers of *The Daily Graphic*.—A Committee appointed by the Council of a body calling itself "The National Federation of All Trades and Industries," is organising a "Labour-Day" demonstration on May 1st, the object of which is to "demand better conditions for wealth-producers."

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her eightieth year, of Miss Mary Louisa Boyle, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Courtenay Boyle, and niece of the eighth Earl of Cork, herself an authoress and friend of some of the most distinguished authors of her time, among others of Lord Tennyson, who, in his latest volume, dedicated to her an important poem; in his eighty-third year, of General Sir William Jones, Colonel of the First Battalion Duke of Connaught's Light Infantry, 32nd Foot, who served with great distinction in the Punjab campaign of 1848-9 and during the Indian Mutiny, notably at the siege of Delhi, where, on the fall of General Nicholson, he commanded both the first and second columns at the assault and during the six days' fighting within the city; in his seventy-fourth year, of General Sir John H. Lefroy, who, as a member of Commissions and otherwise, was engaged in promoting scientific improvement and education in the Army and schemes of national defence, successively Director-General of Ordnance, Governor of Bermuda, temporary Governor of Tasmania, and Colonel-Commandant Royal Artillery; in his sixty-seventh year, of Sir Louis S. Jackson, acting Chief Justice of the High Court of Justice, Calcutta; in or about his sixty-sixth year, of Mr. William Maskell, formerly Vicar of St. Mary's, near Torquay, and Chaplain to Bishop Phillips of Exeter, who was one of the seceders to the Church of Rome after the decision in the Gorham case, and who, besides contributing to the literature of ecclesiastical controversy, was the author of the work on "Ivories," issued under the auspices of the Directors of the South Kensington Museum; in his eightieth year, of Sir Andrew S. Hart, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; in his sixty-eighth year, of Mr. Francis Goodlake, for more than forty years in the employment of the *Times*, and for many years its registered printer and publisher; of Mr. William Parsons, a famous breeder of Hampshire Down sheep; in his seventy-fifth year, of Mr. Henry Campkin, Librarian of the Reform Club, of whose famous collection of books he was for many years the zealous and skilful custodian, receiving on his resignation, in 1879, a pension from the Club funds; and in or about his sixty-fifth year, of Mr. Matthew Harris, Parnellite M.P. for East Galway, and at one time among the most fiery members of the Nationalist party. Mr. Harris began life as a journeyman slater, but rose to be a builder and contractor. Also, at Usamiro, from fever, of Mr. Alexander Mackay, a severe loss to the British Missionary cause in Equatorial Africa. He was a mechanical engineer at Berlin, when, in response to an appeal from Mr.

Stanley, he volunteered his services as a missionary to Uganda. There, besides converting hundreds to Christianity, he reduced its language to writing, and from a little printing-press threw off thousands of "reading sheets" by which numbers of natives learned to read portions of Scripture, which he translated and printed. It was to Mr. Mackay that the public owed all the intelligence respecting Emin Pasha that reached England prior to Mr. Stanley's expedition and also the recovered lost diary of the murdered Bishop Harrington.

APRIL SHOWERS are welcomed by one special class of Parisians—the vendors of old umbrellas, who make their chief harvest during this month. Worn-out umbrellas which have been thrown away are carefully mended up by some old women at Belleville at the cost of twopence apiece, and the sellers then establish themselves with their stock near the gates of the various cemeteries, and on the outer boulevards. Mourners in their new attire, and lovers of the poorer classes on a holiday outing, are generally unprovided with any protection against a passing shower, and the vendors will then furnish them with quite respectable umbrellas, charging from 5d. to 1s. 8d., according to the circumstances of their customers.

THE LUSHAI TRIBES encountered during the recent Chin-Lushai Expedition were much more friendly to the British forces than the Chins proper. On a British reconnoitring party approaching a village, the natives would come out to them carrying long pieces of hollow bamboo filled with rice beer as a propitiatory offering. This beer resembled rough cider, and was better appreciated than another ceremonious gift—a little gourd bottle containing tobacco juice from the women's pipes. The gourd was passed round during the interview between British and natives, and every one was expected to take a sip. Everybody smoked perpetually, men, women, and children, and the men were much better-looking than the women. The latter wore wraps of plaid cottons, in quiet artistic colours, no woollen materials being seen. Though apparently very innocent in their ways, the Lushais were keen at a bargain when bringing in provisions, and generally got the better of the British. They were delighted with the heliograph, the flashes being looked upon as magic.

EAST AFRICA being the subject of the day, Dr. Hans Meyer's lecture on his ascents of Kilima-Njaro aroused much interest at the Royal Geographical Society on Monday night. Dr. Meyer's first attempt in 1887 to scale this highest peak of East Africa failed, as he was checked by a lofty, precipitous ice-cap, but last October he conquered the mountain, accompanied by a fellow-countryman, Herr Purtscheller, and a Pangani native. Kilima-Njaro has two great summits—Kibo, or Baremi, a smooth dome, and Mawenzi, or Kimawenzi, which is very rugged. Kibo was attacked first, and the travellers had a stiff climb to the rim of the crater along lava-fields and glaciers, the rarefied air much impeding their breathing. At the second trial they reached the crowning point, which Dr. Meyer christened Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze, and estimated at a height of 19,690 feet. Next the travellers clambered along the saddle-shaped ridge connecting the peaks to Mawenzi, and found the latter mountain still harder work. Probably it is older than Kibo, its rocks being so ragged and crumbling that the foothold is most insecure. According to Dr. Meyer's estimates, Kilima-Njaro is nearly 1,000 feet above the height hitherto given, 18,750 feet. Vegetation reaches to a height of 11,000 feet; then come from 4,000 to 5,000 feet of grass-covered lava-fields, whence a zone of mosses and lichens reaches up to the regular snow-line, somewhere about 18,270 feet above the sea-level. The views are magnificent; and, as Kilima-Njaro lies within the Teutonic territory, the Germans may congratulate themselves on possessing a fine health-resort, apart from the geographical interest and the fertility of the lower slopes of the peak.

## The Verdict of the People of London.

Mr. WILLIAM HOWES, Civil Engineer, 68, Red Lion Street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

Mr. C. H. PALMER, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, says:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

Mr. EDWARD PETERSON, Electric Light Engineer, of 36, Whetstone Park, W.C., says:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil as a rheumatic remedy. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

Mr. HENRY J. BARLOW, of 4, Staples Inn Buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., says:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and completely cured me."

Mr. J. CLARK, of 21, South Island Place, Brixton Road, London, S.W., writes:—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. J. WILKINSON, 88, Bentham Road, South Hackney, suffered from rheumatism in his feet and legs for twenty years. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure.

Mrs. WOLFSBERGER, Matron of the Moore Street Home for Poor, Crippled, and Orphan Boys, 17, Queen Street, Edgware Road, N.W., says that "St. Jacobs Oil has been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism."

Mr. C. CARTWRIGHT, of No. 7, Alfred Place, Bedford Square, W.C., writes:—"Having for a number of years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in the limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed."

HENRY and ANN BRIGHT, Hon. Superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say that "St. Jacobs Oil has proved itself unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have, in every case, been removed by using the Oil—and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence."

Mr. M. PRICE, of 14, Tabernacle Square, Finsbury, E.C., says:—"My wrist, that I had strained two years before, and which had given me pain without intermission, yielded like magic to the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

ROBERT GEORGE WATTS, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., of Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N., writes:—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia."

**FACTS.**—The above statements are certainly entitled to the most serious consideration of every thinking man and woman. The names given are those of living witnesses. The statements are facts. They can be easily verified. Let the public make the investigation. Everyone will find, not only that these testimonials are genuine, but that ST. JACOBS OIL relieves and cures rheumatism, just as surely as the sun shines in the heavens. It acts like magic. It is simple. It is safe. It is sure. After the most thorough practical tests on invalids in hospitals and elsewhere, it received Six Gold Medals at recent International Expositions for its marvellous power to conquer pain. It cures when everything else has failed. It has cured people who have been lame and crippled with pain for over twenty years. It is an external remedy. It goes right to the spot.

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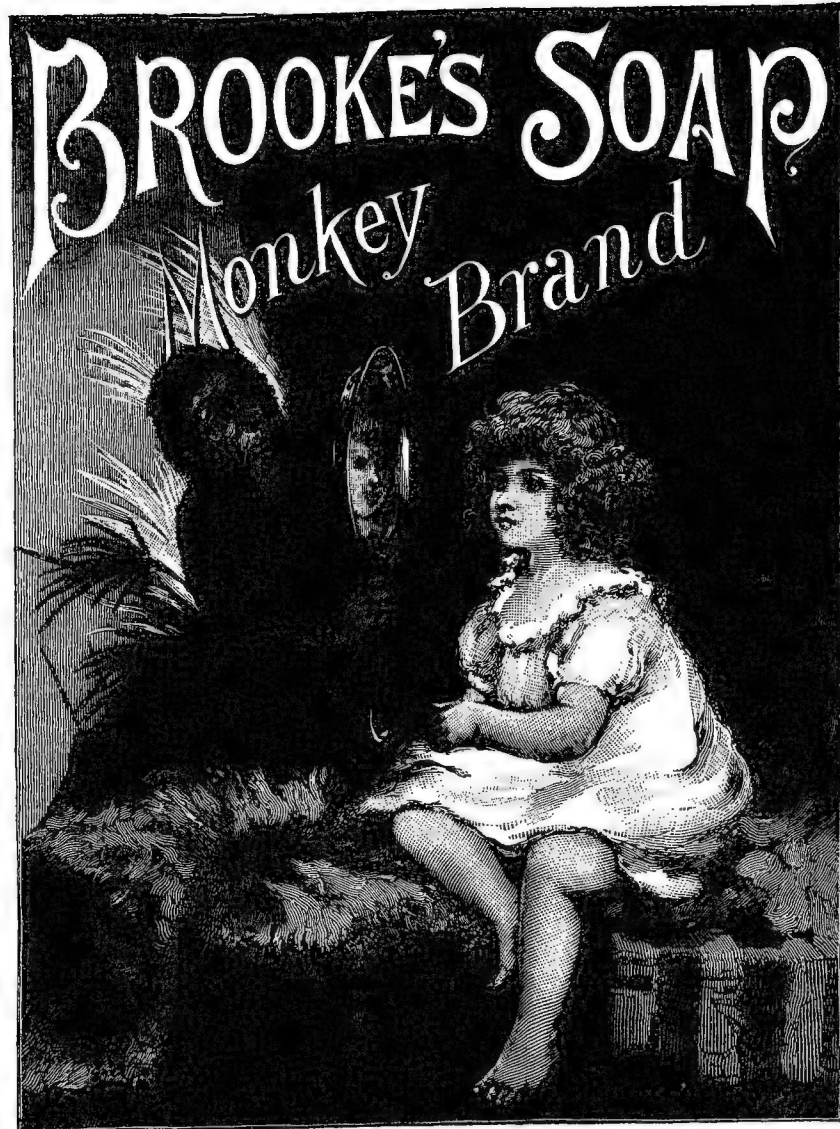
FOR WASHING DISHES AND CLEANING ALL KITCHEN UTENSILS.

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Statuary, Floors, Mantels, and 1,000 other things in House-  
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SOLD BY GROCERS, IRONMONGERS, AND CHEMISTS.



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# SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA

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Dissolution of Partnership, and Entire Re-construction of

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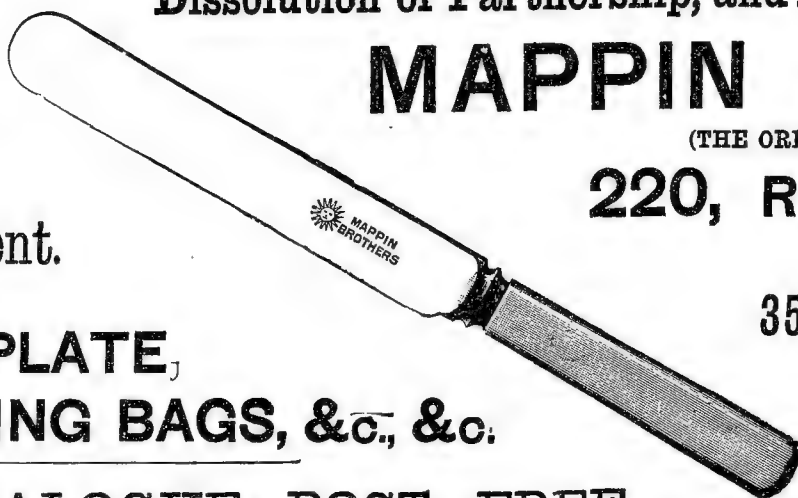
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PARSNIPS on the coster's barrow are priced at an average of a *rd.* for one of fair size, while in a good shop *1½d.* is paid. Now an acre of land will produce 25,000 parsnips, so that the acre is

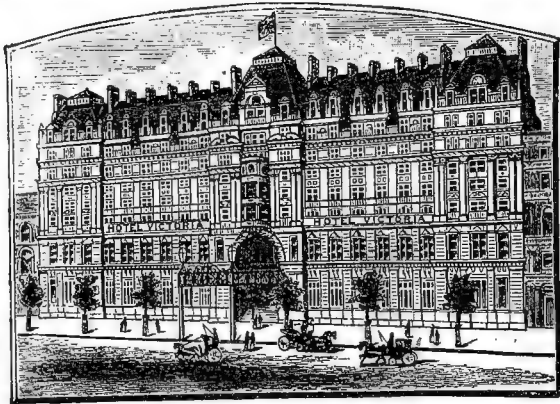
THISTLES to the country farmer are an exceedingly Greek gift. He fears both them and the trouble they bring. If his neighbour buys a wood, which he cuts down and leaves fallow, and if thistles innumerable spring up on that fallow land, will he not prosecute that neighbour from whom he has receipt of thistle seed? The Leicestershire County Court knows that he will, and, moreover, approve of his energy, giving him damages in the action. But the Superior Courts, which sit in the Strand, deem less hardly of the Scotsman's badge. Thistles may not be artificially cultivated to the detriment of a neighbour, but, self-sown, they are "act of God." The man who recently swore to send his neighbour's cats "to their

THE ISLE OF MAN.—That Home Rule and a separate Legislature are no protection against depression, agricultural as well as commercial, is the sad confession which comes to us from Manx Land. The sufferings of the small farmers of the island in their struggles to keep on are said to be such that the lot of the English agricultural labourer is contentment and comfort as compared with theirs. A Manx Tenant-Farmers' Union has recently been established, with a view to securing the abolition of landlords' preference over other creditors, and also to do away with special qualification for members of the House of Keys. It is almost distressing to note how here, as elsewhere, the undoubtedly depressed and disheartened agriculturist is being led into political agitation which has no real bearing on the difficulties of the farmer's case.



Mr. George Manville Fenn's work is never quite characteristic without a certain reckless courage which would be called wild extravagance in the hands of a less complete master of the art of adventurous fiction. His large circle of readers will certainly find no fault with "The Mynns Mystery" (1 vol.: F. Warne and Co.) on the score of commonplaceness—one does not go to Mr. Fenn for possibilities, and would not be grateful to him for them, especially as he writes with an air of such simple good faith that nothing ever seems to be impossible, whatever it may really be. "The Mynns Mystery" is one of the large class of novels in which one man steals another's identity; but it certainly owes none of its incidents to any of its predecessors; and Mr. Fenn is certainly not among those novelists who think it a duty to art to leave their readers dissatisfied with a vague or melancholy conclusion. The fate of both his villains is as exemplary as that of his good fellow and of

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*Please name this paper.*

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Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the DETERGENT POWDER for Cleansing Sponges and Hair Brushes.

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in all diseases of the stomach and intestine.  
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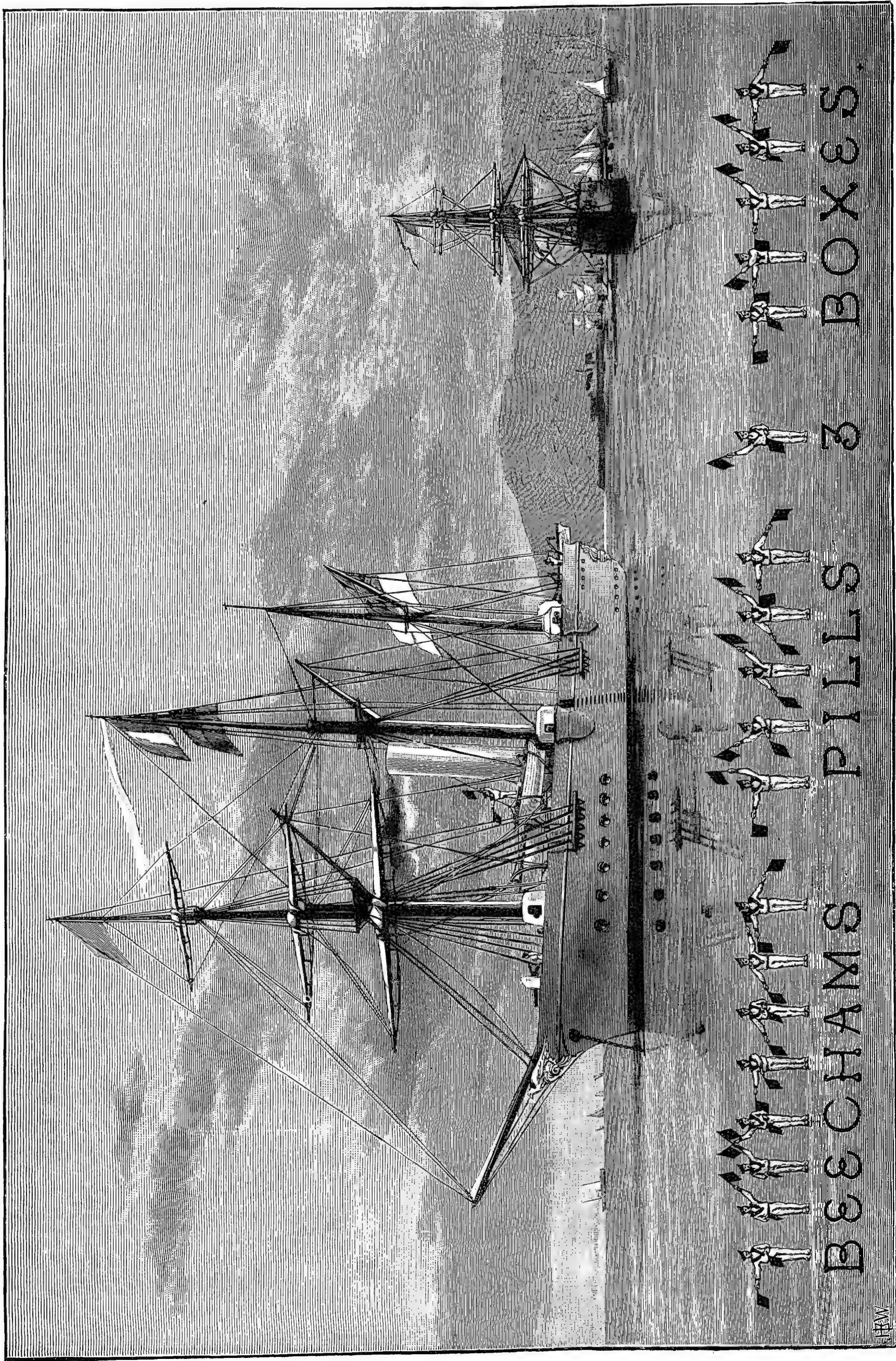
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INFANTS AND CHILDREN

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in all diseases of the stomach and intestine.  
J. A. C. & S. S. New York





*Extract from a Naval Officer's Journal.*—Montevideo, December 17th, 1889.—H.M.S. "Swallow" (gun vessel) arrived to-day from Rio de Janeiro (where she had been sent on account of the recent Revolution) with yellow fever on board, and was, of course, placed in strict quarantine. Being so near Christmas, many luxuries were required from the shore, and she signalled us a long list of necessities for the festive season to be sent out in the quarantine boat. Among the first of the articles on the list was **BEECHAM'S PILLS, 3 BOXES FOR THE CAPTAIN!**



## THE GRAPHIC

the good girl who loves him. Unquestionably Mr. Fenn's rather unscrupulous imagination shows no sign of falling off in his latest romance of adventure and mystery—or, as in the scene with the lawyer and doctor, who personally believe in the true George Harrington while professionally believing in the false one, his sense of humour either.

People who, in the current language of criticism, signify by "Homeric" the quality of abounding in slaughter, will assuredly make Paul Cushing's "The Bull i' th' Thorn" (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons) a third with the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." Not even Mr. Rider Haggard, in his wildest moods of massacre, has been so prodigal of gore as Mr. Cushing; nor is Alan Quatermain himself a greater braggart than Ralph Poloc, *alias* General Polocino, *alias* "El Leon de Mejico." The scene of the first volume is laid in Derbyshire, circa 1810, where matters are comparatively mild, not going beyond the hero's robbing (for a wager) a Duke and Duchess in open daylight, in their own park, and surrounded by their friends and servants. It is in the second volume, when the hero, turned autobiographer, serves under Morelos in the revolt of the Mexicans against Spain, that the actual business of the novel begins. There is a great deal of real history in it, and we only wish it were possible to set down the author's general picture of Mexico at the period he has chosen as even considerably due to imagination. For all its general truth, however, and its sustained picturesqueness, it affords terribly monotonous reading. Hairbreadth perils are so incessant and unrelieved that one soon gets to take them as matters of course, and the mind becomes simply saturated with savage slaughter. Even when we are brought back into Derbyshire, everything remains at full strain—especially the villain, Archibald Crump, who could give points to almost any two villains on record. Novel-readers who require excitement will find

what many will think too much of a good thing in "The Bull i' th' Thorn."

All, on the other hand, who are so exceptionally happy in themselves as to crave for the sensation of profound and unbroken misery, by way of a relief, cannot do better than read "James Vraile," by Jeffery C. Jeffery (2 vols.: W. H. Allen and Co.), from the first to the last page. To persons in an ordinary condition of mind it must be less confidently recommended; for its unquestioned ability only helps to render it one of the most needlessly, as well as painfully, wretched stories that anybody could find the heart to imagine. It is not easy to realise the kind of reader who would find any sort of pleasure in a story of which the point is the death, from diphtheria, of the only child of an already heart-broken father. Mr. Jeffery seems to have created his characters solely in order to make them and his readers wretched; and he may, at any rate, be congratulated on the talent which has enabled him so completely to succeed in his aim.

"Dulcibel," by Gertrude M. Hayward (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is very much better than one would expect after reading, near the beginning, of a young man who lies "luxuriantly" on the grass, and after finding the "Dear Gazelle" lines ascribed to the Hon. Mrs. Norton. It is a very sad story: like "James Vraile," it excites some curiosity as to what satisfaction anybody can possibly find in inventing people, and presumably taking a paternal, or maternal, interest in them, solely in order to make them miserable. But it is interesting as a study of simple characters under circumstances of a purely domestic order. The lad in whom the main interest centres is exceedingly bright, natural, and sympathetic—far too much so to be compelled by Gertrude M. Hayward to be balked in his ambition and in his love, and to lose his health, and at the end his life, without any fault, or, indeed, for any apparent

motive except to lead up to an exceedingly touching scene at the end, where he learns, too late, that the love he thought he had failed to gain had been his all the while.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

Mr. J. PEARCE, M.A., gives us a small volume of interesting poetry, entitled "In Cloud and Sunshine" (Trübner). The poet does not provide a preface, but in his opening verse he propounds a conundrum:—

Shall we cease to love when all is older?  
Does the passion flicker, faint, and die?  
Will possession make the heart grow colder?  
Fades the glory quite from life's grey sky?  
Has the young communion lost its savour,  
With familiar use and blunted taste?  
With more knowledge, does the old faith waver,  
Past and future, seem a darkening waste?

Mr. Pearce is evidently filled with an intense admiration for Nature, and it is impossible to deny that for many of his perceptions he finds expression that is not wanting in merit. Still he is not, we imagine, one of the poets of the first rank. Every one has seen we imagine, one of the poets of the first rank. Every one has seen furze in bloom, and Linnaeus is accused of having, when he gazed on it for the first time, fallen on his knees and thanked God for having made anything so beautiful. Mr. Pearce says:—

Amid the gorse, one sea of flame,  
With honey odours all around,  
Far up the narrow path we wound,  
Till on the level height we came.

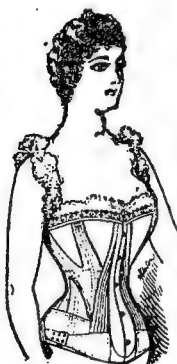
He has much sense and fluency, and there is nothing in the volume before us which detracts from our estimate of the author of "Stanzas and Sonnets."



**"FASHIONS IN FUR"**  
seem to grow every year more tasteful and more artistic, and it is a certain fact that the fur garments of the present day are cut with a precision and accuracy, and fitted with an artistic skill, which were totally unknown some ten or fifteen years ago. **THIS IS ESPECIALLY THE CASE AT THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE, 163 AND 198, REGENT STREET,** where the latest novelties in fur garments of the best quality and smartest design may always be found.—Extract.

**INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE,**  
MANUFACTURING FURRIERS,  
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REGISTERED.

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Type of Figure.

White or - } 2ls.  
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CORSET AND BELT KEY.

Illustrated by  
Twelve Types of  
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Send size of waist  
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Sloane Street.

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LADIES' WAREHOUSE,  
71, Sloane Street, Belgravia.



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"As usual at this season of the year, Jay's Mourning Warehouse, Regent Street, is to the fore with a splendid assortment of new materials for spring and summer wear. To the fact that grey is to be the prevailing colour this season is attributable the numberless shades of that favourite tint on view at this house. Black grenadine will also be much worn as the weather gets warmer, and in this material there is an endless variety of designs amongst those at Jay's. In silks, brocades will this year take the lead, the patterns being mostly small and detached, the floral designs being specially attractive and handsome in the extreme." *Court Circular.*

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Messrs. Jay's experienced Assistants and Dressfitters travel to any part of the Kingdom, free of expense to purchasers. They take with them Dresses, Mantles, and Millinery, besides patterns of materials, all marked in Plain Figures, and at the same price as if purchased at the warehouse. Reasonable estimates are also given for Household Mourning.

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# NOBILITY OF LIFE.



"Who best can suffer best can do."—MILTON.

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**ABOVE ALL!!! A FEARLESS DEVOTION TO DUTY AND UNFLINCHING TRUTHFULNESS!**

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The Conditions laid down by the QUEEN for the Prize given by HER MAJESTY to the Marine Boys are these—  
Cheerful Submission to Superiors; Self-Respect and Independence of Character; Kindness and Protection to the Weak; Readiness to Forgive Offence; a Desire to Conciliate the Differences of others; and, above all, Fearless Devotion to Duty and Unflinching Truthfulness.

Such principles, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character in EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE.—SMILES.

**SHAKESPEARE  
and DUTY.**

"Come the four corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them; no-ought shall make us rue,  
IF ENGLAND TO HERSELF DO REST BUT TRUE."

**THE PIVOT OF DUTY.**—Sterling Honesty of Purpose; without it Life is a sham.

**THE GREAT DANGER OF SUGAR, PINK or CHEMICALLY COLOURED SHERBET.**—ACIDULATED SHERBET MASKED WITH SUGAR.—Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, or acidulated sherbet masked with sugar, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, gin or old whisky largely diluted with seltzer water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

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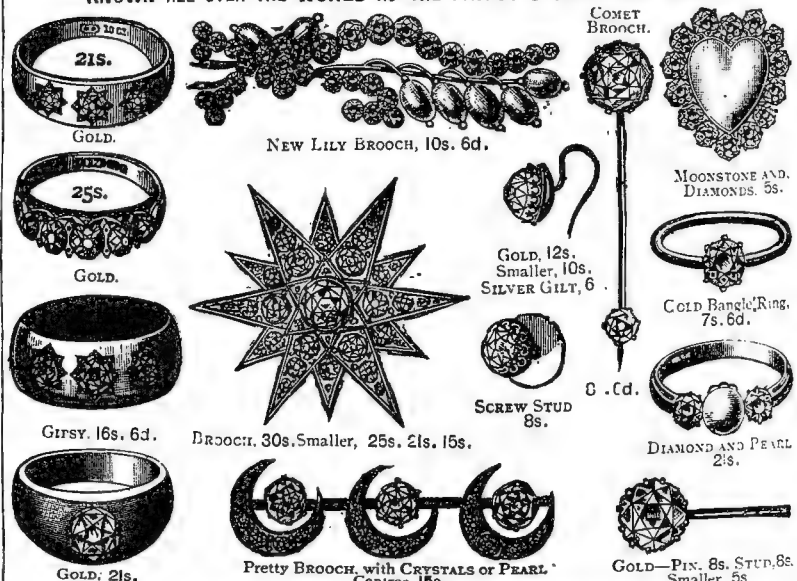
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4, RUE GLUCK, NEAR THE OPERA,  
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NOTICE.—These stones cannot possibly be had elsewhere at any price, and are only to be obtained of the Sole Importer and Manufacturer—ARTHUR O. FAULKNER, 167, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. Established 1860. Two doors from Burlington Street. NOTE.—No AGENTS EMPLOYED.

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A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of infants and young children.

Supplies all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone.

**NEW KODAKS.**  
Eight Sizes, WITH TRANSPARENT FILM. The only Hand Camera which an Amateur should attempt to use.

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LATEST FROM "LE FOLLET."  
"It is certain that 'LOUIS' Velveteen, which so closely resembles Silk Velvet in softness, richness of texture, grace of drapery and beauty of colour, will be most fashionable this season for complete dresses as well as in combination with other materials."  
Every yard of the genuine bears the name (spelled LOUIS), and is stamped with a guarantee of wear. Ladies should reject all substitutes.  
**SOLD EVERYWHERE BY DRAPERS.**



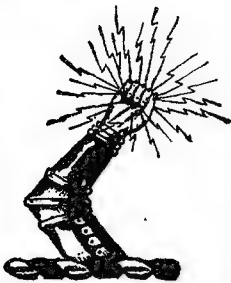
EVERY MAN and WOMAN in SEARCH of HEALTH and STRENGTH, and Sufferers from any Disorder of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver, or Kidneys, should procure at once one of

# HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

They weigh only a few ounces, are very Comfortable to wear, and impart Strength and Vitality to every nerve and muscle of the body. **HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS** have been in use for nearly a quarter of a century, and have proved an inestimable blessing to suffering humanity in all parts of the world. They are constructed on strictly scientific principles, are guaranteed to generate mild continuous currents, which are imperceptible to the senses, and convey no shock to the system. They are positively the only bona-fide curative galvanic belts which the public may purchase with safety. Sceptics should call at the Company's Institute and see them tested.

**Dr. ANDREW WILSON**, in an article published in "HEALTH," writes:—"THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY'S Belt has been frequently recommended as a genuine electrical appliance which the public may purchase with safety and satisfaction. In these days of electrical quackery it is highly satisfactory to find such an enterprise for the development of electrical manufacture on a large scale so successfully carried out at their commodious premises (52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.)."

"THE FAMILY DOCTOR," Sept. 8, 1888:—"The valuable and ingenious inventions of Mr. Harness, and the elaborate and beautifully fitted operating and consulting rooms at the Company's extensive 'Electropathic' and Zander Institute at the corner of Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, are indeed a wonderful example of the rapid strides made during the last few years in the science of medical electricity, and this magnificent building is now one of the most interesting sights in London. We would advise visitors from the country and others to call and personally inspect the premises, and have the various electropathic appliances and electric batteries explained to them."



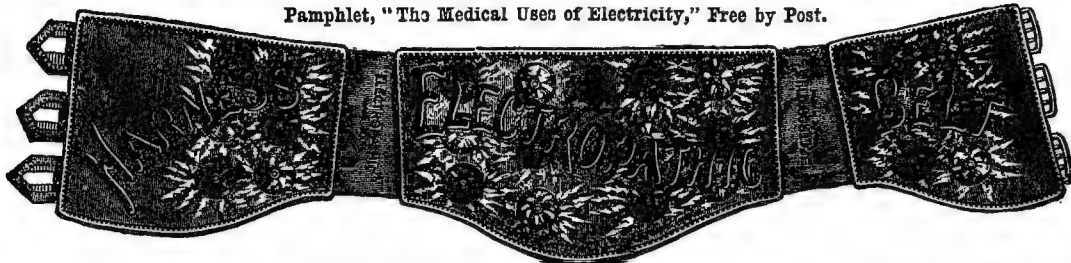
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The following are a few brief extracts from the **THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS** received from all classes of society. Our readers are cordially invited to call and see the originals at the Company's Only Address—THE ELECTROPATHIC and ZANDER INSTITUTE, 52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.

**DEBILITY.**—WILLIAM SHIMMIN, Esq., 4, Goth-street, Liverpool, writes, Dec. 3, 1888:—"Since wearing your Electropathic appliance my health has greatly improved. I am much better and stronger than I have felt for years."

**NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND PALPITATION.**—HENRY GARDNER, Esq., Coton Hill, Shrewsbury, writes, March 9, 1889:—"The Electropathic Belt, which I had on Feb. 19, has done me an immense deal of good. I enjoy better health now than I have done for the last twelve years."

**WEAK BACK AND SEVERE HEADACHES.**—Miss M. RAMSEY, 55, Wenlock-street, Hoxton, N., writes, April 4, 1889:—"The effect was wonderful—I feel like a different person."

**NERVOUS PROSTRATION, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND GIDDINESS.**—Mrs. F. COROW, Woodville, Sandford-road, Moseley, writes, March 7, 1889:—"Since wearing your Electropathic Belt I am much better. Have had more sleep and less sickness."

### ITS EFFECT UPON THE SYSTEM.

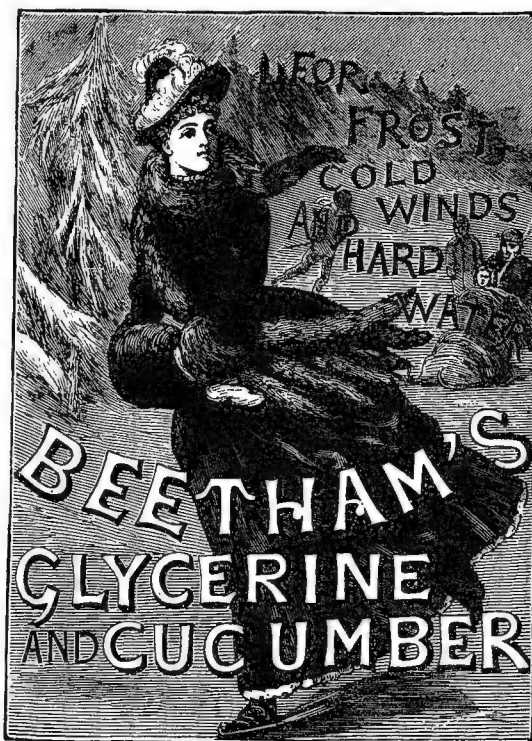
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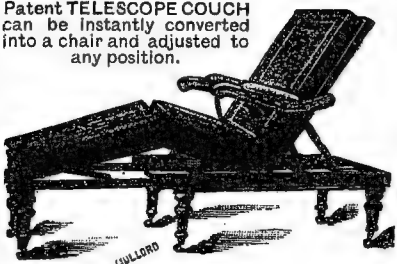
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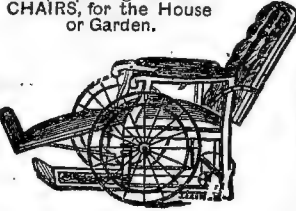
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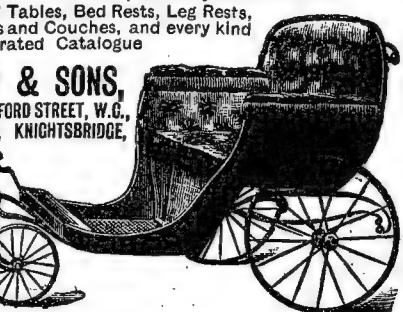


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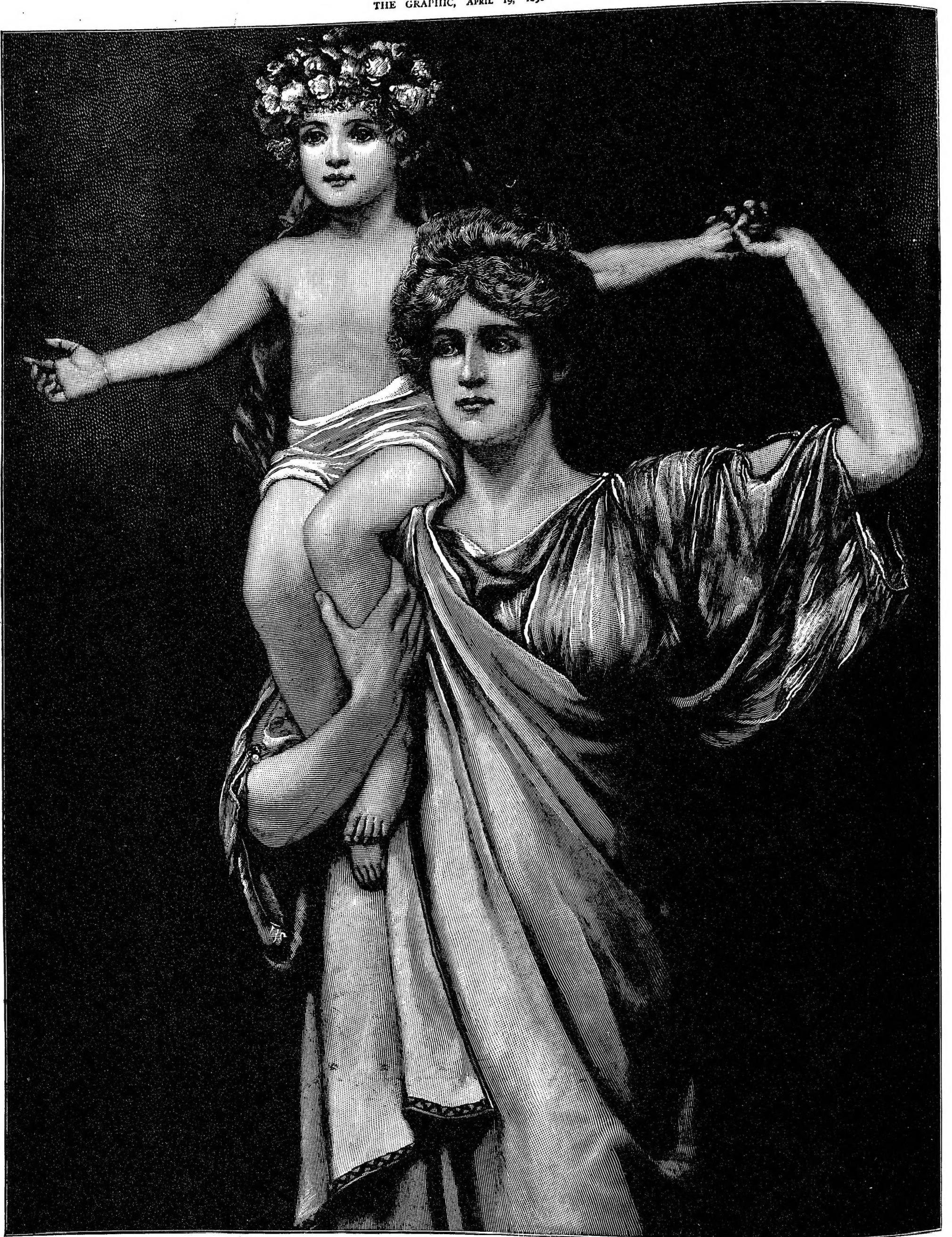
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APRIL 19, 1890.



THE GRAPHIC, APRIL 19, 1890





# "THE INTRODUCTION"

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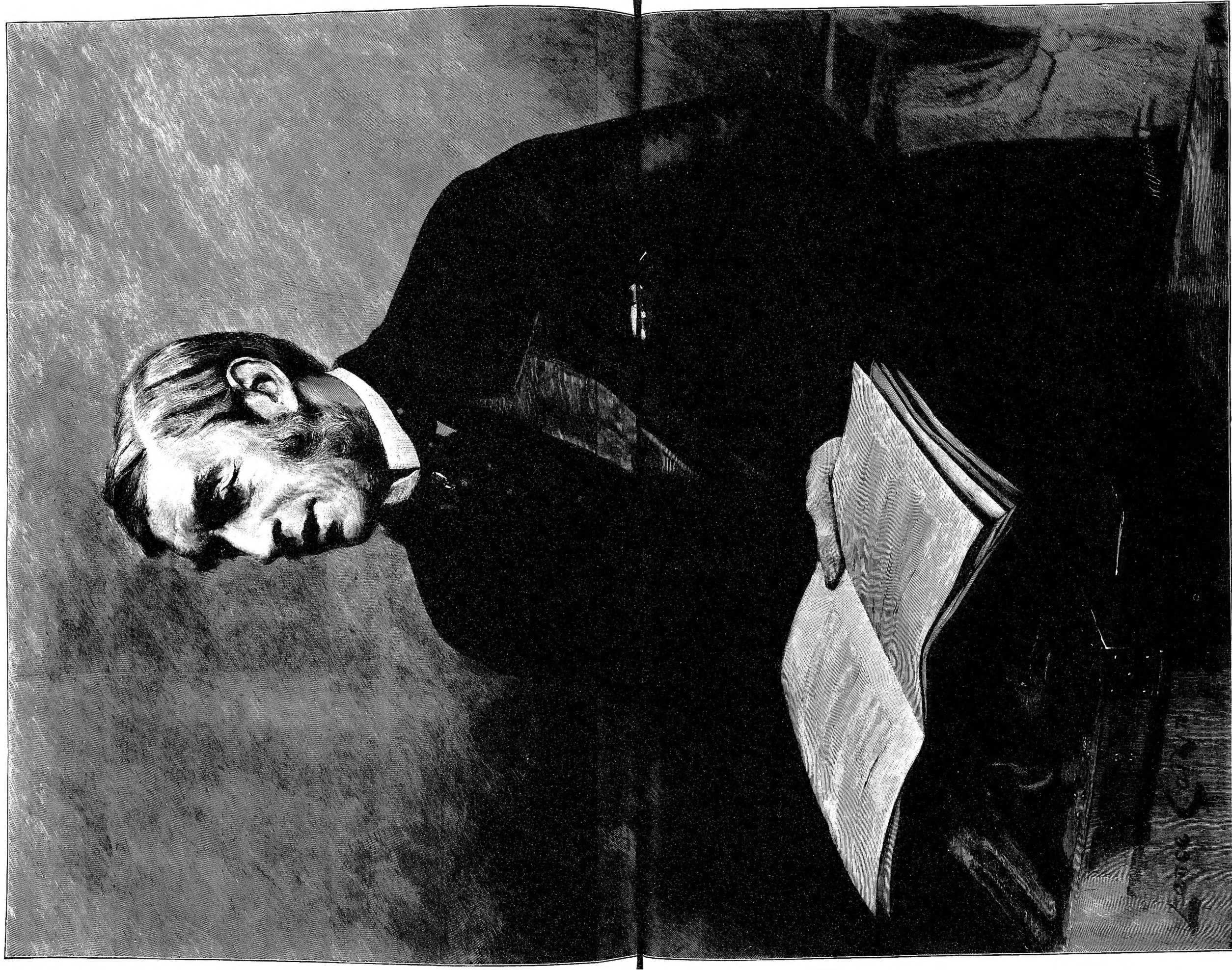
Its Birth seems yesterday—two decades soon are o'er— 'Twill hold its own, we trust, for many decades more! Behold its Child—Time flies!—a sturdy infant too,

Who fain would run alone, and pants for pastures new; Who wishes wider fields, who longs for latest news, For telegrams as well as instantaneous views.

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